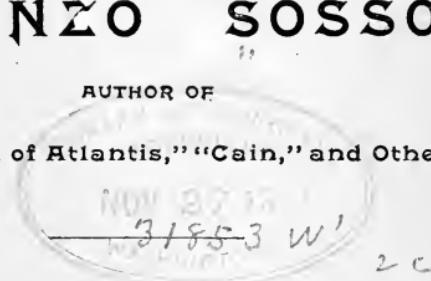




Poems
of
Humanity
AND
Abelard to Heloise,
BY
LORENZO SOSSO,

AUTHOR OF

"Solitude," "Island of Atlantis," "Cain," and Other Poems.



*To sound the tocsin in a S ;
To cleave the ancient tree, whose root,
Nurtured within the soil of wrong,
Has borne a sad and bitter fruit.*

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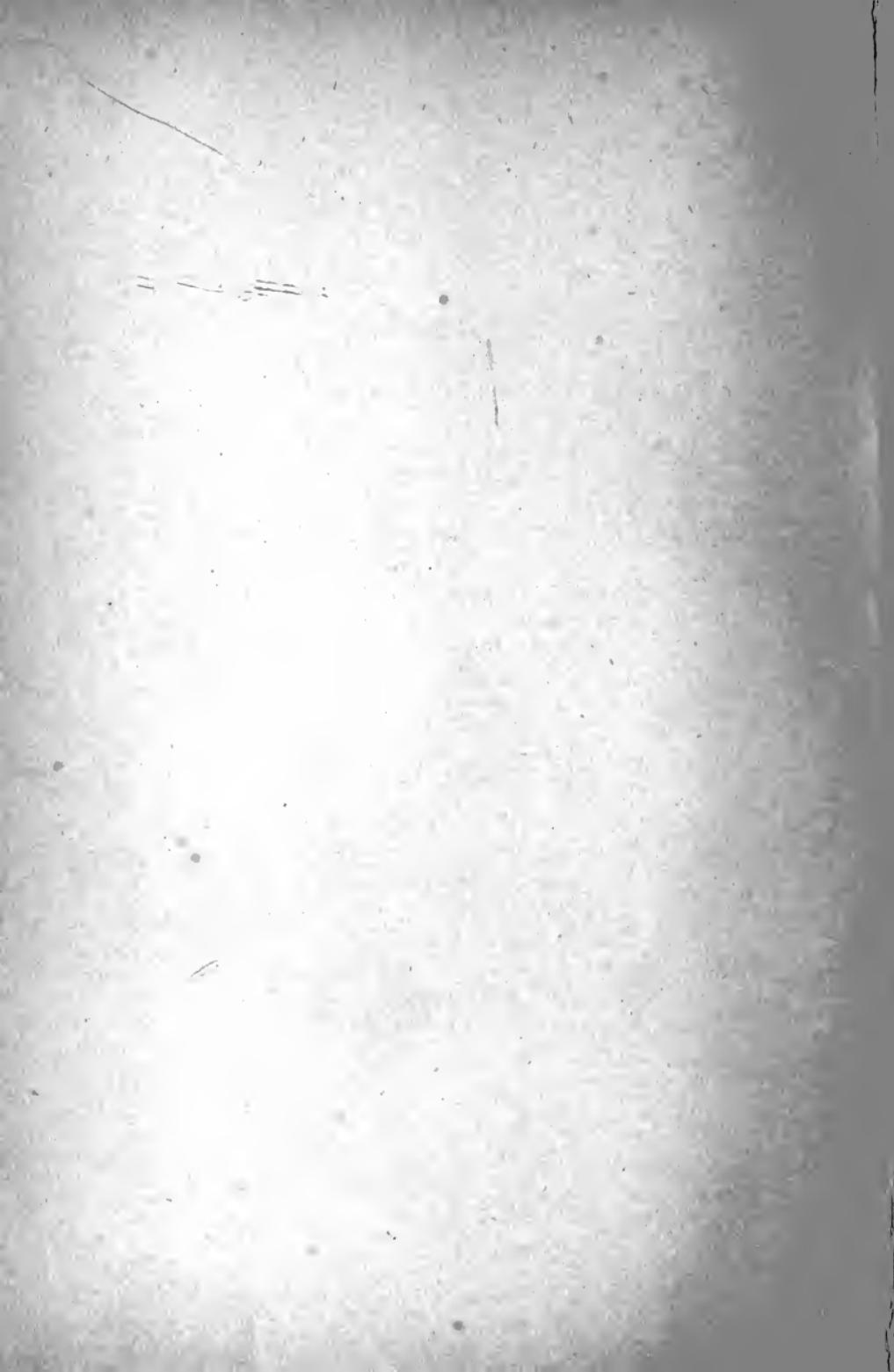
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MY BOOK.

A weed upon the ocean, I have thrown it:
Was it mine?
I care not if it was, for I disown it;
Go, let it steep in brine!
Perchance it yet may twine
Around the brow of some sad poet perished
Full twenty fathoms down.
Or by a nymph be taken up and cherished,
And woven for her crown.
O glory! O renown!

ITS SONG.

A song upon the silence, so I sing it:
Is it heard?
I care not if it be, if Love could bring it
To where one radiant bird
Might tremble at each word
That rises, falls, and swells, the whilst outpouring
The depth of its desire.
O carol for an angel! whom, adoring,
To win I dare aspire.
O star! O crown of fire!



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CLEONICE.

PART I.

In phalanxes of many thousand gross,
As once of old the Greeks at Tenedos,
Their squadroned ships drawn upward on the shore,
Poured from those triremes with tumultuous roar:
Thence to the famous fields of mighty Troy,
Behind whose walls fair Helen and the coy
Idalian shepherd in each other's arms
Sought amorous refuge from all war's alarms:
'Till Ilion's smouldering battlements fell at length:
Though many years great Hector's giant strength
Stemmed like a towering fosse the rushing tide
Of all the Grecian host, so in their pride
Of armament, their pomp of splendid dress,
Helms, euirasses, and shields of gorgeousness.
Pausanias and his bloody legions come
To the fair city of Byzantium;
To raze her illustrious palaces to the ground.
All of the neighboring fields and plains around
Were thronged with warriors, chariots, and steeds.
As thick as murmuring bees or rustling reeds
That form a cooling covert on the banks
Of Simois. Turms, squadrons, cohorts, ranks,
Raged at her portals, battlements and walls.
As when a myriad torrent-waterfalls
Loosed from their glacier-caverns by the Spring
Roll, roar, and foam with hoarest uttering
Through gorge and canyon to the vales below,
So this besieging multitudinous foe

Thundered without her gates, and at each post
Stoutened for vantage, haled a raging host.
Until with horrid clash of shields and din
Of battery, and catapult, they win
The fierce contested siege, the fearful fray,
And place the residents 'neath Spartan sway.

But here the general's unsated lust
Of crime and slaughter, or his weak mistrust
Of that success which comes through force of arms,
When Mars awakens unto war's alarms,
Bade him give freedom to his warrior-men.
Who, like a pack of wolves in shepherd's pen,
Spoiled and despoiled the city of each prize
That glorified her in the pilgrim's eyes.
Rank from the carnage of victorious fray,
Like vultures that though feeding on their prey
Seem never gorged, they throng her beauteous streets,
Her palaces and luxurious retreats.
With standards fluttering and with trumpets blown,
Proclaiming conquest, temples overthrown;
The massacre of multitudes, the reign
Of tyranny; the holocaust of slain.
The bride torn from the bridegroom, and the child
Torn from its mother. And anon, the wild
Sad lamentable moan and mingled wail
Of bleeding lips that shrieked their piteous tale.
Sweet innocence debauched, the ravished fair,
By beasts too cruel to pity or to spare.
Voluptuously they blighted on the soil
The prodigality of Nature's toil.
And workmanship of Beauty's richest arts.
As if Apollo's pestilential darts
Were showering their vengeance on the head
Of rich Byzantium citizens, not yet dead.
Who saw their city like a panting hind,
Around whose form some monstrous snake doth wind
Its pythian-coil, thus tortured and deprived

Of all the splendors that had yet survived
Woeful incursions from barbarian lands:
From Syrian, Scythian, and from Parthian bands.
Her temples, minarets, and sacred halls
Were now profaned by Romans, Greeks, and Gauls,
Who sacrilegiously purloined those things
Which formed the gifts and treasures of her kings.
Her massy tripods and her jars of gold;
Her goddesses and gods, a thousandfold
More precious than these ornaments of state;
Arms, purples, shields, casques, flagons, burnished plate,
Jewels and signets, an enormous sum;
Beside the glory of Byzantium,
Each treasured mart, or lofty-pillared aisle,
Carved arabesque, or stately peristyle,
Or monolith, or obelisk of stone,
With volutes carven and their friezes strown
With garlands of acanthus rich in form,
Lay like a forest shattered by a storm.

But could the grosser rabble do such deeds
Of despoilation, sprung from crimsoned seeds
Of fearful warfare, and their whilom king
Abstain himself from such considering?
Can we absolve a general from blame
Who leaves his warriors thus debauch his fame?
O we have read that once the angels fell,
But 'twas a devil led them into hell.
One heart corrupt corrupts a thousand more,
Thus making crime more hellish than before.
Can Innocence beguile a child of Sin?
Then Truth is false; and Falsehood doth begin,
To robe herself in truth's resplendent dress.
Then fair is foul, and foul is loveliness.
It is the canker that defiles a rose;
It is the weed that in the garden grows;
It is the cloud that blights the sun's pure beams;
Else life is nought, or is not what it seems.

Just so their own commander was far more
Corrupted, base, within his own heart's core
Than any slave or warrior of his host.
Alas! Athene, what hadst thou to boast
When men so cursed a cause could consecrate
Bowing subjection to a tyrants state.
Whose very lips that issued his commands
Were more polluted than his sanguined hands.
Whose very thoughts did breed a sensual feast,
The common sty of every common beast.
Whose very acts perverted virtue's deeds,
Sowing the ground for lust's lascivious seeds.
Fame crowns no such a conquerer at length;
But shrines the warrior nobly, whose vast strength
Though terrible in war, in peace resumes
The olive branches for the martial plumes.

Close to the glorious palace of the king,
All other palaces outrivalling,
Which, like an eagle stricken from its perch,
Lay wholly overthrown through the mad search
For hidden treasures, and for priceless stores,
To feed the rapine of these tuskless boars,
There was a mansion of Ionian build:
With sweetest incense and with fragrance filled.
A spacious marble stairway grandly led
To two winged hippocrits whose fearful head
Guarded the columned portico, each plinth
With coronal of carven hyacinth.
Slim marble shafts upheld its lofty roof
While pendant from all visitors aloof
Were lucid cressets teeming with their spice;
Poppy or cinnamon or ambegrise.
Its spacious chambers and its damasked halls
Delicious odors breathed. While its walls
Were rich with frescoings of gorgeous hues.
Some populous cities, some distended views
Of climbing mountainous regions wild and vast.

Here trains of caravans and camels passed
Beneath a torrid sun. Upon each side
Followed a bearded and a turbaned guide
Guarding the treasures of luxurious kings.
Here were the beautiful Castallian springs,
With many rosy and enchanting nymphs
Peering above the fountains for a glimpse
Of Baccharids and Hamadryads fair:
While weaving for their unbound dripping hair
Chaplets of blossoms-dank. Here stood a beast,
Tied to its tether, garlanded, while a priest
Prepared the altar for the sacrifice.
Beautiful youths and maidens near threw spice
Upon the crackling leaves, or on the sod
Poured wine in pure libation to their god.
Here had the artist's skillful pencil traced
The foaming coursers as they madly raced
Toward the goal at the Olympian games.
The chariot wheels revolved like whirling flames
Along the ground. On either side a host
Of eager faces thronged to see who most
Pressed victor-like a leader in the race.
Here was a forest picturing the chase
Of a white fawn by many hounds. Behind
Their tresses loosened tremulous in the wind,
A band of Dian's nymphs. Each in her hand
A bow unbent. And one who led the band,
A wreathed horn of pearl, whose amber tip
She cinctured by each virgin rubied lip.
The sweet anemones amidst the grass
Seemed turning to behold each huntress pass,
And trembling at the presence of the morn,
Or at the ringing melody of the horn.

In every arched niche or hidden porch,
A marble sybil held a marble torch
Aloft. And at the entrance of each room
Rich alabaster vases filled with bloom

Of every garden stood. The fairest kind
That e'er the amorous Eagean wind
Wove as a wreath for Maia's beauteous son.
Gorgeous hangings, crimson-grained, and spun
By maids Sidonian, and with Tyrian dye
Or Meliboean. from the ceiling high
In many a rustling fold descending low
Screened each apartment from the burning bow
And hot shafts of the sun-god, when his rays
Circled the city in a golden haze.
A mansion thus so beautifully graced
Revealed a soul of Epicurean taste
Devoted to Philosophy and Art.
A shrine the Muses ever kept apart,
And sanctified it for his ardent soul
And one fair child, his life's sweet aureole.
This glorious mansion had Pausanius made
His kingly covert. Here those hands were staid
Which had not spared nor innocence nor youth,
Nor let weak age decline them unto ruth;
But swooped, as swoops a goshawk on its prey,
On young, old, fair, and innocent to slay.

The master of this residence was a man
Upright as if a god Olympian.
Of noble presence, dignified in port,
And polished by attendance at the court
Where he had honoured both the law and state
By eloquence in action and debate.
Yet with a mind however thusly schooled,
Apt to be overborne and overruled
By such a will as could Pausanius wield.
Not always courage conquers in the field.
Since craft and cunning, those two traitor-spies,
Often betray the place where courage lies.
Thus he though strong in honor was most weak
While villainy beheld his virtue meek.
Let scruple multiply its interest,

Yet where dishonor wishes to be blest
No price will daunt it, and no danger stay
The raging passions that command and sway
Our will declined. Such as could once destroy
The palaces of overpowered Troy.
Thus whilst Pausanius dwelt within this place,
His foul desires were kindled by the grace
Of Cleonice, daughter of the host.
Desire attends where Beauty is the most.
This maiden was as beautiful as day,
And pure as hawthorn buds with which the May
Chaplets the tresses of the virgin Spring.
As bright and sparkling as the dews which cling
To opening blossoms, when the purpling dawn
Lavishly decks with pearls each bower and lawn.
Her face was like Diana's calm; and bright
As Love's, when in the temple of Delight
Lulled soothingly to sleep by such a hymn
As virgin lips then sang in temples dim,
Within the groves of Delphi or of Crete,
Or where Thessalia and Latona meet.
Her tresses like an aureole of gold
Above her brow in many a braided fold
Shone dazzlingly with precious jewels bound.
Or sometimes like a shower of gold around
Her virgin shoulders fell. A chlamys stole
Woven of spirits for her gentle soul,
Vestured her being, as the radiant dawn
Arrays in light each bower and sacred lawn.
Her eyes most pure, most beautifully bright,
Whose luster interluded Love's delight,
Were veiled by lashes glossy as the silk.
Her hands were white and slender, white as milk.
This loveliness did vile Pausanius note
And over it like some fond lover dote.
Ever his orbs would feast upon the maid,
Marking each saintly action, which repaid
His glance abortive with unconscious bliss.

If looks were kisses, how each stolen kiss
 Had every moment blessed him through his eyes.
 So long he meditates in deep surmise
 How to obtain this maiden for his own,
 Unloosening her Beauty's virtuous zone.
 And in lascivious possession hold
 This precious emerald set in virgin gold.
 Through fearful force attending on command,
 The tortured parent can no more withstand:
 And Cruelty makes Love succumb at length.
 What worth hath virtue 'gainst a tyrant's strength
 Who can enforce though one dare disobey,
 And every law subjects unto his sway.
 Who bids beware the anger of his frown,
 Since gods protect the brow that wears a crown,
 The hand that wields a sceptre. Since a king
 Should never be debarred from anything
 Himself demandeth to possess alone.
 The gods themselves deal justice from a throne.
 What use to plead indulgence or to crave
 Mercy from one still lower than a slave?
 What use to weep; to piteously bemoan;
 Where Love is tender, Lust is turned to stone?
 No, her fair beauty must become the spoil
 Of such an unctuous and voluptuous scroyle:
 So white a lamb must bless so black a beast,
 So pure a lotus crown this satyr's feast;
 For weak compulsion has descended low
 And sin must pamper virtue's overthrow.

PART II.

The tumult and the carnage of the fray
 Have ended with the ending of the day.
 Hyperion's quivering courses how have passed
 The western arc of the horizon vast;
 And night's bright orb her amorous beams distills;
 For on this Twilight evening all the hills
 Of fair Ionia were bathed far

In the pure lustre of this radiant star.
The setting sun had flecked to seeming foam
Incarnadine, the clouds beneath its dome.
Now ever and anon was heard from shore
The swift but measured stroak of many an oar
Cleaving the waters, as some galley swept
Laden with treasures, to the quay which kept
Its marble slabs pellucid in the deep
Pure waters of the bay which seemed asleep.
Many a barge swayed idly with the wind;
Whose cool and fragrant fingers now did bind
The raven tresses of the goddess night.
From many a palace on the shore the bright
Reflections of a thousand lamps were seen
Upon the waters and the reefs between.
And echo mimicked, as she sped along,
The ribaldry of merriment and song.
For mirth had taken Ruin for her spouse
In overthrown Byzantium. The carouse,
The revelries, the orgies, and the rude,
Boisterous laughter of the multitude,
Came like the cry of Furies through the air.
The bloody victors now within their lair
Held bacchanalian feast and festival.
And in the dazzling chamber of each hall
The massy tables groaned beneath the load
Of luxuries most lavishly bestowed.
Here many slaves were hurrying to and fro
To keep the wine forever at a flow.
Here harlot's wanton eyes responsive gave
Glances to what rank bearded lips could crave.
And dance, song, magic, jugglery, and play,
Made hours of pleasure swiftly pass away,
For death had hidden sadly out of sight
The infamy that would have mocked delight.
The god of war thus toppled from his shrine,
Had given place to Bacchus, god of wine.
But where Pausanius lingered as a guest

Only fierce throbs of anguish panged each breast.
For on this night Pausanius doth await
The maiden in his chamber. It is late
And he hath hied him to his shameful bed,
The only ones that slumbered were the dead.
The keen and silver sickle of the moon
Cleaved half the pathless fields of heaven. Soon
And all her weary labor shall be done,
And men pour forth libations to the sun.
And now the stricken father sadly goes
To tell his daughter of her coming woes;
And found her, like a virgin rose in bloom,
That fills the air with fragrance and perfume,
Within her chamber, her handmaidens round.
Of which one negligently had unbound
Her glossy tresses from their meshy fold
Luxuriating in that wealth of gold.
Another had undocked her by degrees
(As Venus risen upward from the seas)
Of all her silken vesture's clinging prease;
And robed her once again within a hem
Of marble whiteness graced with many a gem.
He entering, bade all her maids retire.
A father's kiss with lips that burned as fire
He pressed upon her forehead and then spake.
"It grieves me much Cleonice to break
Beyond the sacred portal of thy nest;
But we are harboring a fearful guest,
Who not with our submission satisfied,
The torch of ravishment from side to side
With fearful havoc waves. And makes our homes
The bounteous hives and yielding honeycombs
For lustful bees. 'Till even Jove for shame
Blushes at deeds committed in his name.
What priest can now attend his sacred rites,
Or sacrifice divinely? when the nights
Are passed in revelries and orgies foul.
And yet Minerva and her sacred owl

Pass by unheeded and unnoticed this
Base mockery at their shrine. O Artemis,
Thy dreadful vengeance let me now invoke,
Whose unpolluted altar with the smoke
Of grateful incense at my willing hands
Has ever fumed. O favor my demands!
Permit it not that I be forced to give
This maiden here, within whose soul doth live
Pure innocence and truths most beauteous charms,
To fierce embraces of unlawful arms.
O daughter, daughter, let me clasp thee close,
Cling to me. Zeus must listen to our woes.
Shall these pure lips be touched by lips pollute?
Shall hands ensanguined gather virgin fruit;
And gods not intervene? It cannot be."
He ceased, and clasped his daughter passionately.
The fearful meaning of each dreadful word
Had made her sob and tremble as a bird
When lightning flashes through the boughs that shade
Its downy nest. The pure and virgin maid
Fell on her knees, and clasped him by the hand;
"Oh father, far too well I understand
What all thy words and looks too plainly show,
It cannot be though thou hast told me so?
Are we then powerless and overthrown?
In all Byzantium friendless and alone?
Can justice not defend, nor wealth desist,
Shall hands so lewd the virgin skein untwist
Of my young life? O death, then take thy child!
For me, alas! no days of wedlock mild,
For me no hymeneal rites, no song,
Or nuptial paean sung by those along
The bridal car attending, strowing flowers;
And bearing torches to Love's golden bowers.
No kindred feast, no beakers ivy crowned
The overflowing vintage passing round.
No incense fuming in each brazen urn,
No chaste life gladdened as the years return;

No happy days of motherhood and bliss,
Ah, miserable me! no infant's kiss."

And then her voice so full of anguish ceased.
As if her soul by death had been released,
A bird of song whose carol had been brief.
Then answered slowly thus her sire, in grief,
"Alas! sweet daughter, would but wealth suffice
I were not here to barter for the price
Though Purity hath million times the worth
Of wealth, or rank nobility of birth.
When first thy mother placed thee in my hands,
And I poured wine to Zeus, who my demands
Had all in all so graciously fulfilled,
I never knew what destiny had willed.
Her ways are dark. Who knows the ways of Fate?
O yet one hope remains, if not too late.
Pausanius will not brook to bide our time;
Patience yet never wore the mask of crime.
Go to him then, pretend to feed his fire
With looks of acquiescence to desire.
I will go forth and roam the streets abroad;
Surely some pity from our household god
Will lead my steps to kinsmen and to friends.
Then will we hasten back to seek amends.
And even as he dotes upon thy charms,
Shall we rush in upon him with our arms,
And slay the traitor in his couch of lust.
O Cleonice, if the gods are just
They will not intervene. Go, daughter, go,
Yet kiss me once again, again, ah, so!
Pamper with him for time with kisses feigned
Better the lips than the pure spirit stained."

This said, he rushed away without farewell,
And left the pearl so precious in its shell.

She lay like Niobe all tears. Her cheeks,
The pallid page through which such sorrow speaks
Were damp with dew of grief. Yet fleeting strength

Came to her like another life at length.
The last few words her father spoke distilled
Their cunning balm and all her bosom filled.
Uprisen like a lily on its stem,
She bade her maids retire dismissing them.
And then prepared to robe herself anew
That griefs might hide its stains in vestures too .
And sorrow not belie the robes she wore,
Thus cheating life with hope forevermore.
As when the argent moon through the obscure
Clouds of the night advances, so this pure,
Beautiful maiden with a trembling hand
Parted the curtains of her chamber, and
Emerged upon a spacious corridor.
Each fitful glimmer on its marble floor
Filled all her trembling spirit with affright.
Slowly she went along, a phantom white.
Feeling her way with the impalpable touch
Of hands that trembled, anguished O how much!
What though the passage were of light deprived
Making sight useless. Yet her sense survived,
And this beheld with even keener sight
The fearful ending of this woeful night.
Imagination is a wicked fiend
When at the breast of fear or sorrow weaned.

There is no justice, no merciful law,
That keeps the soft dove from the gryphon's claw:
No thunderbolt to smite the coiling snake
Charming some innocent bird within a brake.
Since then no providential influence
Over those beasts devoid of finer sense
Hath exercise, how can we mortals hope
That such subjects our reason's vaster scope,
Or rivets down the freedom of our mind.
When lust is prevalent let gods be blind!
Pausanius had commanded every light
To be extinguished; so that in such night

Amidst the senseless darkness and the gloom,
Some fairer guise his passion might assume.
She comes the trembling virgin to his door;
Wishing to cry for mercy, to implore.

She listens: only silence calm and deep,
That sentinels the poppy-couch of sleep,
Pervaded all the terror of the place.
Close by a fountain babbled in its base.

She waits awhile then opes the curtains wide,
A moment more and she has stepped inside.
But stands upon the threshold stiff and stark,
A statue of Diana in the dark.

“My lord,” she said, but nothing made reply.
“My Lord,” she said, “you do not hear, tis I.”
But spoken, O so faintly, that each word
Sounded like Autumn leaves when softly stirred,
Sounded like drippings of the dew on grass.
He sleeps she thought. He did not sleep, alas!
But waited like a hunter in a wood,
Most foully to ensnare her maidenhood.

She pressed her hands against her throbbing side
To stem the current of its crimson tide.

Then slowly with her feet benumbed and chill,
She stepped across the chamber dark and still
To press against a table in her way.

A lamp upon this marble table lay,
Which fell upon the floor with fearful noise.

Pausanius sprang from bed. All dreams of joys
Dissolved like fume. Ha, then this maiden pure
Had been a subtle coil, a living lure.

How many foes had he now to withstand?

“Traitors!” he cried. Then with a hasty hand
He grasped his shining sword, whose steel, thus bare,
Flashed like a hissing serpent through the air:
Cleaving the penetrable dark, and passed
Through Cleonice standing there aghast.
A thrilling shriek burst from her lips of pain

As the cold weapon pierced her heart in twain.
At such a shriek, and at such woeful din,
The servants and some Spartans hurried in
With lamps that flickered dreadfully o'er the scene.
He, like a famished wolf that tries to screen
Its bleeding prey, lay crouching on the floor;
His hands and face imbibed in the gore
Which flowed from her pure heart; red as the crime
Which brands like Cain's man's forehead to all time.
She, like a stricken doe beyond all chase,
Lay there in all her beauty and her grace.
Her silent lips by lover never kissed,
Were paler than the palest amethyst.
While in her bosom white, the poignant steel
That set her spirit free, could not conceal
Beneath the shining lamps on high upheld,
How every fainter breathing oozed and welled
The crimson current o'er its marbled brim.
Above her face soft shadows pale and dim
Hovered, as if reluctant to depart
So fair a mark of death's eternal dart.
Pausanius when he saw the maiden dead
Slain by his hand, into the darkness fled.
Then silently the servants bore away
That beautiful and fragile form of clay,
As in her hands Night bears the urn of Day.
And from that night when lust had done its worst,
Pausanius evermore by Zeus was curst.
As sad Orestes fearfully forlorn,
This life denied him peace and gave him scorn.
Ever the Furies followed in his path,
Till Pluto freed him from their fearful wrath.



RUTH.

I.

Now when the Judges ruled in Israel,
Before the Kings; and also it befell
That woeful famine overspread the land,
One Elimelech took him by the hand
His wife and his two sons, and went away.
And slowly journeyed on, 'till on a day
He came to Moab. Here the land was fair.
Rich were its fields from tillage everywhere;
They glistened all with rows of corn and wheat,
With rye and barley, that did smell more sweet
Than sweetest fennel. Here were flocks of sheep
Pastured upon each hillock's verdurous steep.
Grazing upon its fragrant herbage green,
Rich with the moisture of the rills between.
And here deep-uddered and large-fronted cows
Reclined beneath the shade of tremulous boughs,
Or sought the lower plain to quaff the cool
Pure water of the cress-surrounded pool.
While many shepherd lads with scrip and crook
Esconced themselves within the bowery nook
Of some green valley, under some steep hill,
And while the winds above their heads were still,
And flocks and herds still browsed on lawn and mead,
They wrought sweet mellow music from their reed.
Not piping tales of rural gods or Pan,
But of that mighty tribe which spread from Dan
Unto Bersheeba. And which Anmon's son
Brought from the land of Egypt everyone.
And Pharoah, of Egypt then the king,
Them with his swart-faced legions following.

In gorgeous chariots canopied with gold,
And royal splendors wondrous to behold;
Had all his army sundered in one night,
And himself put to ignominious flight.
While He who was the King of Kings with Hand
Invisible, led them to the Promised Land.
By night a pillar of fire, a cloud by day,
Guided the tribe toward the land which lay
Bosomed between Mt. Nebo and the hills
Of distant Hamath. Girded by clear rills
And silver rivers, as a maid unwed
Circles with a bright zone her waist instead.

So Elimelech reached this clime at last
After much weary toil of travel past.
And saw its multitudes of sheep and kine,
And all its valleys teem with fruits and vine:
Strong oxen harnessed to their plows and wains,
Were furrowing the fallows and the plains.
While husbandmen with baskets at their side,
Were gathering in vineyards far and wide
Thick bunches of the rich and ripened grapes
Which they uppiled therein in luscious heaps.
While comely damsels carrying on their head
Pitchers and jars of clay, with tripping tread,
Went merrily to a river murmuring by
Like swiftly-flowing Siloam. Until high
Their vessels brimming with its crystal, they
Retraced again, their footsteps light and gay.
Damsels as fair as those of Israel.
And Elimelech saw the land was well;
So here he 'gat himself a little place
And prospered; for the Lord did give him grace.
And year by year beheld his store increase,
And so he lived and so he died in peace.
Being gathered for his worth into God's fold,
Like Abraham and all his sons of old.

There was much woeful wailing in the house
When Naomi lost her beloved spouse,
And many days she sorrowed for the dead
Still comfortless: and herself garmented
In sackcloth and spread ashes on her head.
But grief like joy hath but a fleeting life;
So when each son took unto him a wife,
She made her merry and did then rejoice,
And blessed them both, and gladdened in their choice.
And when it came unto the wedding-day,
She decked herself again in bright array,
And as the joyous bridal-train went by
With simple monotone of psaltery,
Garlands of flowers, torches all aglow,
Her heart with happiness did overflow.
Then came the virgin brides white-veiled; and least,
Gifts, gratulations, and the marriage-feast.
Until the holy ceremonies done,
The guests departed homeward one by one.

The fairest bride was Orpah; but when Ruth,
In all her gentleness and all her youth
Came by, she seemed the lovliest of the twain.
Red cheeks had she, white skin without a stain:
Beautiful eyes, and dark and glossy hair
Plaited above her brow with comely care.
And then whenever that she deigned to speak,
Her accents were so gentle and so meek
That they fell softlier on the listening ear
Than outburst of sweet birds at morn that cheer
The flowers into bloom. Till by degrees
The forests thrill with warbled symphonies.
So a few years these blessed their husband's worth.
'Till Death, alas! who is the lord of earth,
Bereaved them of those husbands evermore.
Beneath the summit of a mountain hoar,
Covered with lofty cedars overhead,
Lay their eternal city of the Dead.

Here many Moabite patriarchs unknown
To after times, beneath each silent stone
Reposed in everlasting peace and rest.
And here as morning flushed each mountain's crest,
The weeping widows and Naomi came
To see deposited the earthly frame
Of Mahlon and of Chilion in their grave,
The husband twain. Then Naomi who gave
Her heart to sorrow wholly and to tears,
Cried to them weeping thus, "O many years
Have we each other dwelt in peace beside
But now I will no longer here abide.
For why; my heart is broken in its grief?
And is it here that I shall seek relief?
Nay, nay, it cannot be, though we have known
Each other well. But now I will be gone
Again to Judea. I will gird my loins,
Yet go as one whose going not rejoins
The ones he loves. For can I longer dwell
Within a place where everything will tell
What I have lost and suffered in this land?
For hath not grief gone with me hand in hand
And filled my cup the uttermost with woe?
Yea, filled it up 'till it did overflow.
But go ye to your mother's house to live,
And may the Lord unto you also give
Good grace as ye gave me and gave the dead:
So thither turn in peace as I have said."
And then she kissed them both, and sadly kept
Their hands in hers. And they bowed down and wept.
And said unto her, "Surely we will go
Unto thy people with thee even so.
For have we not lost also much of worth?
And what have we of happiness and mirth
That wail the dead?" But Naomi replied,
"Have I still other sons since these have died?
Ye know that I have none for ye to wed.
Turn, turn, my daughters, go thy way instead:

Abide with thine own grief since it is such.
Death is more fatal than a leper's touch.
O tarry not, but go ye on your way.
The Lord hath smitten heavily to-day
Yet lowly must we bend unto his will.
His mercy like the dew-drops He doth spill,
His sorrows come upon us like the rain.

Death garners us as reaper-men do grain;
All for the master. Why then should we wail
But that our hearts are weak and cannot hale
The burden, if the burden have such weight.”
And then they wept again disconsolate.
And Orpah kissed Naomi for the last
And Ruth. But Ruth clave unto her and cast
Her lot with hers. And then Naomi said,
“Behold thy sister follows not instead,
But hath gone to the people of thy land.
Return thou also with thy sister, and
Follow not me to whither I shall go.”
But Ruth said, “Nay, do not entreat me so,
For whither thou now goest thence will I.
And where thou lodgest will I lodge me nigh.
Thy people mine, thy God also my own.
And when thou diest will I die alone,
And in thy grave with thee be buried.
And the Lord smite me if we part.” she said,
And when Naomi saw that she spake so
As her heart prompted her, she did forego
Remonstrance, and returned to Bethlehem.
And when they came the people said of them,
“Is this Naomi?” And they were much moved.
And she replied, “Because my life hath proved
So bitter, call me Mara: since he hath
Thus dealt unkindly with me in His wrath.
Full went I out, but empty have returned.
Why call me Naomi then, seeing he spurned
My prayers, and against me testified,

And grievously afflicted me beside?

And when they thus returned, it was the time
Of barley-harvest, in the very prime.
And reapers morn and evening in the fields
Were gathering the rich and plenteous yields
And storing them away for further need.
For woeful were the famines then indeed
That came upon the people: since the thing
Brought dearth and death to beggar and to king,
Yea, woeful were the numbers day by day
Of young and old, which famine swept away.

II.

Naomi had a kinsman in the land,
A mighty man of wealth you understand,
A kinsman of her husband, Boaz called,
Mostly were his the fields and meadows walled
Past Bethlehem, to where the ripening corn
Caught the first glimpses of approaching morn:
And Judea of his fame throughout was filled.
Innumerable toiling reapers tilled
The bounteous fields. His shepherds tended well
The myriad flocks. His kine in vale and dell
Increased and fattened on the moistened soil.
His granaries were full. And vine and oil,
And palms and dates, but added to his store.
God blesses most the one deserving more.
Here one fair morning to Naomi came
Fair Ruth, with blushes on her cheeks like shame.
As brightly reddened as a robin's breast,
And to her lowly said in simple hest;
"Why may I not go also to the field
And glean for corn or whatso else it yield,
And haply find a goodly grace in him
After whom I shall glean?" This sudden whim
Reluctantly did gain itself consent.
So one fair morning to the fields she went

Amidst the reapers singing at their task.
The fragrant fields most joyously did bask
Beneath the glorious sunshine. And the wheat,
All ripe for reaping, rustled 'round her feet;
While gleaming sickles mowed the bearded grain,
Which then in golden sheaves adorned the plain.
Now by good hap Ruth chose herself a spot
Where fortune seemed to smile upon her lot.
For Boaz coming up from Bethlehem,
And going 'midst the reapers said to them,
"The Lord be with you in His Holiness."
And they replied to him, "The Lord thee bless."
Then Boaz saith to one whose only toil
Was but to watch the reapers of the soil
At harvest time, "What damsel fair is this?"
And him the servant answered, "Now, I wis,
The damsel that came hither journeying
With Naomi from Moab. This morning
She came and said, "I pray you let me glean
And gather with the reapers here between."
And she hath been here ever since the morn,
Except to rest herself in yonder bourne
A little space." Then Boaz said to Ruth,
"Hearest thou not my daughter? In good sooth,
Go not to glean another field, but stay
Fast by my maidens as I list you may.
And let thine eyes be on the fields they reap.
Have I not charged my young men that they keep
Apart from thee? And when thou art athirst
Quaff from yon vessel they have drawn thee first
Brimful of purest water from the well."
And then Ruth lowly on her fair face fell,
And bowed herself to ground, and also spake,
"Why findst thou grace in me, that thou shouldst take
Knowledge of me, seeing me stranger here?"
And Boaz thusly answered, coming near,
"It hath been shown me that which thou hast done
Unto Naomi, since her loving son

Thy husband, hath been dead. And how thou hast
Left father, mother, country, and hast cast
Thy lot with people known not heretofore.
Yea, for these people all thy race forbore.
And the Lord recompense thee for this well,
Even the Lord High God of Israel,
Under whose wings thou art now come to trust.”
“Let me find favor with thee, who art just.”
Then said fair Ruth: “And hath me comforfed,
And spoken friendly unto thy handmaid,
Albeit not like to these thine handmaidens.”
And Boaz said, “At mealtime come thou hence
And eat thee of the bread, and dip also
Thy morsel in the vinegar.” Then she sat low
Among the reapers. While he took parched corn
And gave to her as to one nobly born,
In bounty and in grace. Which she did eat
Until sufficed, and left as was most meet.

And when that she had risen up to glean,
Boaz commanded thus his reaping-men:
“Let her glean even among the sheaves as well,
Nor thou reproach her aught. And as I tell
Let fall some handfull also purposely
Which she may glean without rebuke from thee.”
So Ruth gleaned in the fields 'till evening came,
And bearing out what she had gleaned, the same
Was near an ephah of good barley. Then
This taking up, she homeward went again.
And when Naomi saw what she had brought
She wondered how so goodly she had wrought,
And said to Ruth, “Where hast thou gleaned to-day?
Where wroughtest thou? Now blessed be, I say,
The one that did take knowledge of thee thus.”
And Ruth replied, “The man's name was Boaz.
For as I stood among the reaper-men,
He also came among them there, and when
He saw me, spoke in a most kindly wise,

That I for shame could scarcely lift mine eyes
To look on him. And all his words were kind,
And soft and low as is the Summer wind.”
“Now blessed be he of the Lord,” then said
Naomi unto Ruth, “Who for the dead
And living hath still kindness in his breast.
The man is near of kin to us the best.”
And Ruth whose heart was glad enough to weep,
Said, “Also did he bid me go and reap
Fast by his men until the harvest end.”
“But it is good thou also do not wend
Away from his handmaidens,” said to Ruth
Naomi then discreetly. “For in sooth,
Best wert thou e’en with these that reap, that they
Meet thee not in another field astray.”
And so until the end of harvest she
Gleaned in the fields of Boaz faithfully:
Dwelling with her own mother-in-law nigh.
And thus the busy harvest-days went by,
And found her grace increasing in the sight
Of Him, to whom all virtue is delight.

III.

Brown are the fields of Autumn, grey the skies;
And crimson, yellow, gold, the leaves that rise
A host before the winds invisible,
That scatter them in forest, vale and dell.
And seldom then is heard the song of birds;
And on the hills the flocks of sheep and herds
Reap scanty fair upon the grass that grows.
Yet through the fields the happy Autumn goes
Scattering her bounties as the gifts of spring.
And to her granaries the reapers bring
The treasures of her store to keep, and bless
The Lord, High God, whose grace is never less.
But ere the bounteous season passed away
Came Naomi to Ruth, and thus did say,
“My daughter, shall I not for thee seek rest,

That it may yet be well with thee, be best?
Now is not Boaz of our kinsmen one?
Behold, to-night when other work is done,
He winnoweth barley in the threshing floor.
Anoint thyself and cleanse thyself therefore,
And put fair raiment upon thee, and get
Then also to his place. But wait as yet
To make thyself beknown to him at all
Till he have drunk and eaten in his hall;
And heard sweet music and have seen fair things,
And in his bosom all his heart upsprings:
And on his face be neither care nor frown.
And it shall be that when he lieth down,
That thou wilt mark the place where he shall lie
And thou shall then go in and lay thee nigh.
And thou his feet shall then uncover too.
And he shall tell thee that which thou shall do."

And Ruth said unto her, "What thou dost say,
That will I do, and that will I obey."
And she went down into the floor and did
According unto all Naomi bid.
And when Boaz had drunk and eaten well,
And all his heart was merry as a bell,
He went to lie down near the heap of corn.
And Ruth came softly there, as fair as morn,
And did his feet uncover and lay near.
And then it came to pass the man felt fear,
For midnight was. And turning himself, lo!
Behold! a woman at his feet lay so.
Then Boaz wondered, seeing under him
The white deliciousness of foot and limb;
And all the beauy of the sweet sad face,
That seemed to brighten even such a place.
And he said, "Who art thou?" And she replied.
'Nay, I am Ruth, thy handsmaid at thy side.
Spread therefore thy skirt over thine handsmaid,
For thou art near of kin, Naomi said,"

And he said, "Blessed be thou now of God,
My daughter, in whose path thy feet have trod.
And hast more kindness and more goodness shown
Than at beginning when thou wert alone:
And followest not young men nor rich nor poor.
Fear not my daughter for I will secure
And do all thou requirest of me so.
For all the people of my city know
That thou art virtuous, and wise, and good;
And all have knowledge of thy womanhood.
And it is true that kin to thee am I,
Albeit there is a kinsman still more nigh.
Tarry this night, and it shall be at morn,
That if he do his part as kinsman born
Well then with thee and thine the thing shall be.
But if no kinsman's part he will do thee,
Then will I do the kinsman's part in full
As the Lord liveth, who doth life annul.
Lie down until the morning at my feet."
And she lay down, until the morning sweet
Brightened the distant hills. And then she rose
Before one knew the other, as Love knows.
And he said, "Let it still remain unkown
That came a woman to this place alone."
Also he said, "Bring thou the veil thou hast
And hold it." And she held it; and he cast
Six measures of good barley in its fold,
And laid it on her, all that it could hold.
And she returned unto the city-way,
For darkness now was giving place to day.
And when she came to where Naomi sate,
Who knew her not at first, she did relate
All that the man had done to her in free.
And said, "These measures six of barley gave he me,
That empty I should not to thee return."
And Naomi replied: "Sit still and learn
My daughter, how this matter will befall.
For until he have finished this thing all

The man will nevermore have peace to pray.
Till he hath finished all this thing to-day,
The man will never rest in quiet more,
For curious is the heart from Love forbore.”

IV.

Then Boaz went up to the city-gate
And sate him down. And while he there did wait,
And multitudes of people passed along,
As even now we see them there that throng,
Each following upon each other's wake,
Behold, the kinsman of whom Boaz spake
Came by. To whom he said, “Ho, such a one,
Turn thou aside: sit down as I have done.”
And he did turn aside and sate him down.
Then Boaz took ten elders of the town
And bade them likewise to sit down near by:
That they might listen all and testify.
And then he slowly to his kinsman said,
“Naomi who still witnesses for the dead
That are in Moab, sells her parcel, and
This was our brother Elimelech's land.
I thought it best then thee to advertise,
Since thou art kinsman first, in such a wise,
If thou wilt listen unto what I say.
Buy it before the people here to-day,
Buy it before the elders that are here.
Or if thou wilt redeem it, answer clear,
Redeem it. But if not, then let it be
That I may know. For none come after thee
That may redeem the land therewith but I.”
“I will redeem it then,” he made reply.
Then Boaz said, “What day the field is bought,
Know that this thing cannot be fully wrought
Till thou hast also bought from Ruth the land,
The Moabitess; and hast known her, and
Made of the dead again a life and name
That shall all his inheritance reclaim.”

And then replied the kinsman, "I shall mar
My own inheritance the more by far.
Redeem thou therefore all this land for me,
For I cannot redeem it as you see,
Lest I lose even that which I possess.
Redeem my rights to it, or thine, I guess,
While to these men my words can witness truth,
So I surrender thee the land and Ruth."

Now this the manner was in Israel,
Then when a thing like this to men befell
Concerning the redeeming of some land,
For to confirm all things you understand,
A man plucked off his shoe, and then would give
The same unto his neighbor. This would live
In testimony evermore from then.
In Israel this was the way with men.
Therefore when Boaz' kinsman saw and knew
He could not buy it, he drew off his shoe,
And said to Boaz, "Do thou buy it then."
And Boaz unto all the elder men,
And all the people that were 'round did say,
"Ye all are witnesses of this to-day
That I have bought this land for mine; which same
Was Elimelech's, Mahlon's, Chilion's claim,
From Naomi. Moreover, gentle Ruth,
The Moabitess, even in her youth,
Have I too purchased for my wife, to raise
The name up of the dead: that all its praise
From all its brethren here be not cast off
To be a thing of laughter and of scoff.
And ye are witness unto what I state."
And all the people that were in the gate,
And all the elders that were with them, said,
"We witness for the living and the dead.
The Lord, our God, whose bounty is divine,
The woman make, which enters house of thine,
Like Leah and like Rachel of the well;

Which two did build the house of Israel.
Do thou like Ephratah grow up in worth,
In Bethlehem be famous for thy birth.
And let thy house be Phazes' house indeed
Whom Tamar bore to Judah, of the seed
The Lord hath given thee in this damsel fair!"
And Ruth was wife to Boaz and did bare.
Yea, when he done as other men have done
The Lord blessed her conception with a son.
And Ruth said to Naomi, "Blessed be
The Lord, for all this day; who left not thee
Without a kinsman that shall be known well,
And famous in his name through Israel.
It shall be a restorer of thy life
A nourisher of thine age. For I, now wife
To Boaz, but thy daughter-in-law still,
Which loveth thee in all through good and ill,
Have borne him, yea, have borne him, till he smiled."
And Naomi quick took the tender child
And laid him in her bosom and was glad.
And she did nurse the child; as if God had
Blessed her, not Ruth, with such a sacred troth.
She tended it like a flower in its growth.
And all its pretty dimples she made sweet,
And all its shining hair, and hands, and feet.
Till in the neighborhood they came to say,
Naomi hath a child, was born to-day.
And called him Obed: who was sire of Jesse:
The sire of David, son of Holiness.
And from whose loins did greater issues spring,
Yea, even mighty Solomon, our king.

Now I, Elihu, son of Barachel,
Have taken this song of Ruth in Israel,
And bound around with reeds of rhyme more strong
The flowing measure of this early song,
To glorify the tribe of which I am:
The tribe of which I come, the tribe of Ram.

Not giving unto Song a newer fold,
But rather making new what seemeth old.
Thence shall I in some otherwise proceed,
Since Solomon our king was great indeed,
To labor at a legend strange of him
Which lowly scribes have writ in dungeons dim
Within our temple here. Which tale perforce,
If God my spirit guides in such a course,
Shall deck with majesty of song and fame
Of Barachel the son, Elihu's name.
And to posterity shall such descend,
Which glory shall be God's, until the end.

A SONG OF HELLAS.

No more those beauteous faces
The Muses and the Graces,
The ravishing Bacchantes,
The Naiads of the sea;
Pan in some mountain-hollow
Whom shepherds loved to follow,
The beautiful Apollo
The god of melody.
The hymns of lips unwearied,
The sound of fleet steps-hurried,
In flowery Arcadie.
All these seem dead and buried,
All these have ceased to be.

The flowers and the grasses,
That grow upon Parnassus,
Shall nevermore hereafter
Bind brow of nymph and faun;
Nor shall the oaks and hollies
Conceal their freaks and follies
Resound their mirth and laughter,

Their revels on the lawn.
 The flashing limbs entranceing,
 The naked white feet dancing
 From dewy dark to dawn.

When shall the shrines forsaken
 Again with incense fume?
 When shall their lips awaken,
 Urned dust its blossoms bloom?
 And youths and virgins blended,
 From demi-gods descended,
 By holy priests attended,
 Their ancient rights resume?

No more near rill and river,
 Whose reeds and lilies shiver,
 Shall sunbeams glance and quiver
 On naked nymph and god.
 Rough satyr, faun and fairy,
 Have sought a sanctuary
 Upon some greener sod.
 The oriad, the naiad,
 The fleetier hamadryad,
 The brook and forest triad,
 Have faded long from view.

Artemis with clasped kirtle
 Of reeds, and rods of myrtle,
 No more her shafts shall hurtle,
 Nor lead her virgin crew.
 Through meadows and morasses,
 Through lonely forest passes,
 Through rushes and through grasses
 Yet lush at dawn with dew.
 When matin-birds their masses
 Sing in the skies of blue.

Nor shall with roisterous verses

God Bacchus and his thyrsus,
 Silenus on his ass,
 With ivy crowned and flowers,
 Attended by the Hours,
 In wild procession pass:
 Until their songs and revel
 The scarlet poppies level
 And tender blades of grass.

No more is heard Pan piping
 Some ancient forest-hymn;
 Seen river-nymphs when wiping
 Their locks in grottoes dim.
 Nor Baccharid found peering
 Above her fountain, hearing
 Swift sound of footsteps nearing
 Its mossy-margined brim.

O lips that once have spoken!
 Why are ye now so cold?
 O why has Ruin broken
 Art's marble shrines of old?
 And left nor god nor token
 For mortals to behold,
 Except some temple solemn,
 Except some shattered column,
 Nor wreathed, nor aureoled.

Each ancient goddess mighty
 Hath ceased to be divine.
 Fair Here, Aphrodite,
 Cybele, Proserpine.
 Olympos' realms are trod not,
 And Zeus and Neptune nod not,
 Of all the gods, one god not,
 Is left for seer or shrine.

The mystic Fates have braided

Their last life-skein, and faded;
And men no more seem aided
 By powers of the deep.
Whilst midst the vastness glooming
Eternal cataracts booming,
No more is Pluto dooming
 Immortal souls to weep.
No more is Ajax haunted,
Achilles not undaunted,
Things fabled and things vaunted
 Have found eternal sleep.
Where is the mighty genius
That once again could wean us
With but a look of Venus
 To worship at her shrine?
With sounds of lyre and psalter,
And hymns around her altar,
From lips that used to falter
 Through passion made divine.

Her springs like spirits slumber,
 Her Paphian doves have flown;
The years like white snow cumber
 Her blossoms still unblown,
No seasons can surrender
 A tithe of all her splendor,
Her days and nights so tender,
 Her myrtles green ungrown,

Pale-stricken at Love's portal,
 Like Clytemnestra's lord,
She lies there—not immortal—
 Though mortally adored.
What virgin hands shall bring her
 Sweet offerings now, and linger
While thrilling songs of singer
 Cleave silence like a sword?

She lies discrowned, unhonored
 Whose brows the gods could bind ;
 Her richest gifts are garnered,
 And nought remains behind.
 Her songs have lost their measures,
 The years destroyed her treasures;
 Love's revels and its pleasures
 Have left her cold and blind,

O Beauty born to madden !
 White blossom of the seas !
 Fair goddess, come to gladden
 The embowering Cyclades .
 There where no lover won is,
 Nor Paris nor Adonis,
 Where neither moon nor sun is
 Thy lips must quaff the lees.

Yea, these too have departed ;
 The gods once giant-hearted,
 From-giant-gods upstarted.
 The Titans of the world.
 Primeval battles waging,
 These fearfully engaging
 Huge mountains in their raging
 Against each others hurled .

O silent hills of Hellas !
 O desolate isle of Delos !
 That still remain to tell us
 The ancient tale divine.
 Bring back Silenus laughing,
 Bring back the Maenads quaffing,
 The nectar of the vine.
 Bring back the sacrifices
 Of fragrant herbs and spices
 From depths more deep than nights is
 To altar and to shrine.

Bring back to sacred places
The Muses and the Graces,
Who still on urns and vases
 So beautifully live.
The seasons ever vernal,
The Gods still sempiternal;
That we whose spirits yearn all
 May know what life can give.

Pour forth the nectar redly
 And let it bubble up;
Such poppy is not deadly
 Seen flashing in the cup.
And sing an ancient medley,
 And call the dead to sup.
This world, if we will mind it,
Shows yet the Power behind it,
Which evermore doth bind it
 In links of law supreme.
No beautiful ideal
Can now surpass the real;
God, Love, the hymeneal,
 Alone are not a dream.
These through life's vast endeavor
Shall be to man forever
 His soul's eternal theme.
All else the muses sing us,
All else the ages bring us,
Are bubbles on a stream.

NOBILITY.

Noblest the music through the lips of song
 Which quaffed in youth from fountains of despair;
Noblest the Right triumphant over wrong,
 Who all the infamies of Wrong could bear.

Noblest the faith that bends not to a shrine,
The Love that doth create itself divine.

Noblest the spirit toiling unreposed
That children may have bread, where bread is none:
Until the weary, weary eyes are closed,

The weary heart is still, and all is done.
Noblest the prayer that asks God to forgive,
The Hope that wants no cause wherewith to live.

Noblest the holy sympathies that span
The sunderance of races. Lives that say,
We bring Christ's kinship unto every man;
We live not for to-morrow but to-day.
Noblest such pure Humanity of acts,
Divine through its divinity of facts.

Noblest the sacrifice for causes just,
Noblest the martyrdom of works and deeds;
Noblest the glorious Freedom, born of trust,
Noblest the grand Religion, void of creeds.
Noblest the nation striving filled with awe,
In perfect peace secure, securing perfect Law.

Noblest in the divinity of soul
The aspirations vast, desires intense;
To make existence Love, and God the goal
Since Love and God exceed not soul and sense.
Since nought for which we yearn surpasses need.
And God created man, but man the creed.

Noblest the sword that lies within its sheath,
Noblest the banner Mars hath not unfurled;
Noblest those lips of manhood born to breathe
A life of purity within the world.
Noblest the womanhood to come to all,
When man shall share her glory not her fall.

Noblest the troth that clings not to decree,
But makes Life's everlasting Truth its bond;
Noblest the beautiful Humanity
That doth not scorn this world for worlds beyond.
Noblest this truth of all, below, above;
That men are worthy God, God worthy love!

KOSMOS.

O thou, who hast sung in thy songs all the might of the
Highest,
He who wills but thy death, and that instant death-
stricken thou liest;
Vain man who hast never yet reached of thy hopes the
steep summit,
Lo! the Past now is past, though the Present and all
that it hath has come from it.
For the deed being willed being done has been scrolled
on the pages,
One Life everlasting assumes other forms through the
ages,
And each still remains as a symbol divine and immor-
tal.
We only exist to attain to the steps of the mystical
portal,
And there fain would know how the miracle God has
performed became real.
We cherish what Art or what Nature created, a perfect
ideal.
But He who creates both the art and the Artist, so
chooses
That we who fulfill all His purposes vast grow divine
through their uses.
That we who are clay to the Potter above us, should
mould us in beauty

A vessel for Love or a statue for Hope, or an idol for Duty:
And so unremittingly strive to create in our visions of regions supernal,
A perfect achievement attained in the glory of ages eternal.

BEN EZRA CONTINUETH.

Lift thou no hands to pray,
What God is thine to-day,
The God that is must be for one and all!
Fill not thy eyes with tears,
In Life's eternal years
What are the simple tears thou weakly dost let fall?

But know thyself to be
A man in all and free:
With purpose to perform, with knowledge fit to will.
A man in mind and heart
Essentially thou art,
Created to develop faculty and skill.

Not made to place thy foot
On Nature absolute,
But recognizing all things in their place.
As in some crowded hive
The bees together strive,
But they who play the drone are slain for want of space.

The highest in the scale
Of Nature, Nature's bale,
The highest, loftiest, noblest living type
Of God's own handwork,
With thoughts succinct that lurk
Within the mind to issue in their glory ripe.

With spirit vast that runs
Through clustering stars and suns,
That symbolize creation in the past:
Through forms that still ascend
To higher types and blend
In forms divine of God, in God divine at last.

Not then should moulds of dust
Still fill us with disgust,
Remembering from whence soul had its germ.
Who are we that complain?
This truth will still remain,
Creation made the man but also made the worm.

He is but made to crawl,
But we to rise or fall,
Following the heaving of Life's rolling wave.
Each wave that rolls to land
(As many understand)
Is but another form succeeding to the grave.

And whether it then serves
For other use, or swerves
From that eternal use to others we despise;
Changed by the self-same power
Into a beast or flower,
The knowledge we possess is only in surmise.

This is the mortal mould
Which any can behold;
Surrounded by the destinies which drape
Life both with dark and bright,
By which uncertain light
We see a vast beyond, a glory and a shape!

Earth, water, air and fire,
Answer to our desire;
Serve us as slaves of toil, so we may touch

All harmonies to use,
Whatever spirit choose;
In height and depth as vast as Universe is such!

And Death but truly robs
The frame of its heart-throbs,
The beating of the pulse, the flowing red.
Life is more than it seems
A paradise of dreams;
God's love of man succeeds man's love of God instead.

For all our passing days
Bear witness what decays,
Hopes born without result, Pain known without desire,
And all which life reveals
Amidst its thunder peals
Are more than visions vast beheld through skies of fire.

Yet as some racer breathes
More hardly, as he wreathes
In fancy round his brow the victor's glorious crown;
And in one strenuous spurt
Himself doth more exert,
So let us race in Life. What Fate can tread us down?

This is the highest deed,
That from one little seed
Nature minute so much vastly superabounds.
And all that is most choice,
To what Life bids rejoice,
Makes clay delectable as soul to music's sounds.

They that will oft recoil
From some polluting toil
Should enter the laboratory of God.
Survey each mould and cast
In which some planet vast
Took form, and then survey the beetle of the sod.

The muscles on the rocks
Withstand the ocean's shocks;
The giant oak a thunderbolt doth fall.
Though things thus disagree,
Tis wonderful to see
The universal Laws that co-ordinat it all.

The snake discards the skin
That once it dwelt within;
The butterfly bursts from its crysalis.
So must the spirit tend
Toward some more perfect end,
Yet though there is a best, make best of life in this.

The sapient ants and bees
Live not a life of ease;
Faithfully persue their tasks the gnat and mole.
And though but scarcely least
To these beyond the beast,
Some splendor known of Him descends upon the soul.

I stand myself a man,
A symbol of the plan
Which is throughout the universe displayed;
And cling to one belief,
That since this life is brief
It is not yet the life for which our souls were made.

For shall we only grow
In outward shape, nor know
Some grander growth to which the spirit may accede?
This grant, that we are frail,
Yet splendors dim and pale
Before the truth that we are one with God indeed.

God works in many ways,
But each deserves our praise;

The summit we know not of Life's intents
We see the perfect Laws
Creating, not the Cause,
Commingling through all space, through all the elements.

But God fulfills the best
The bliss of his behest,
His Wisdom and Omniscience through Love.
Love only understands
The mystery that commands,
Love blends the earth below in bliss with heaven above.

A little laughing child
Seems Love itself exiled;
And here can all perceive the glory of this life
That ever links in joy
All worlds without alloy;
And makes the perfect peace still underlying strife.

We see God's glory first
In some pure infant nursed
Upon its mother's milk, within a mother's breast;
And shall we trample down
This amaranth, this crown?
No, let us love all men, and God will do His best.

I clasp thee by the hand,
In Brotherhood we stand,
In heroism grand, in Freedom more sublime.
Let centuries by us flee,
The soul at least is free,
And in that soul are sealed eternities of Time.

* * * * *

Thou, whom none understand!
Though fashioned by Thy hand
In body perishable and in soul;
Son, Father, Father Son

Or Trinity, or One
Eternal God, Creator of the whole;

Not faculty divine,
For that alone is thine,
I crave, a mortal amidst kin and kind
But Wisdom for itself;
Wisdom, not fame nor pelf.
Wisdom the highest glory of the mind!

Wisdom to comprehend
The beginning and the end,
The Truths that are eternal as Thou art:
Wisdom to revele
The mysteries of Fate;
And mighty orbs of which this orb is but a part.

Wisdom that makes intense
The knowledge of each sense;
Perfects the spiritual resident of our frame.
Wisdom that in Thee grows
As perfume in a rose;
Wisdom forever changed, yet seeming still the same.

Wisdom I crave and seek,
Wisdom that makes us meek,
The more that we discern the more we know.
That I may learn thereby
Both how to live and die,
Life's purpose to fullfill, since Thou hast willed it so.

IF GOD BE LOVE.

Let those who deem not Song may spring
From lips once nurtured of desire,
Listen to lips whose uttering
Has purified itself in fire.

Lips with no fount to quench their thirst;
Soul with no heaven above to reach;
Spirit most saddened, most accursed,
And only sobbing to beseech.

And cast before the altar prone;
An acolyte whose holiest troth
Lay in the life that seems alone
Similitude of grander growth.

Until not earth which laughs below,
Until not heaven which smiles above,
Could break the bondage of its throes
But only God—if God be Love!

THE NIGHT TO THE DAWN.

The Night to the Dawn must surrender,
The moon to the sun;
The stars in their beautiful splendor*
Must fade one by one;
As morn her fair web through the bowers
So radiantly weaves,
Whose dew shines on buds and on flowers,
On grasses and leaves!

So broadens the day on the verges
Of sky and of sea;
Impurpling the billowy surges
That foam on the lea.
The forests awaken, each river
Cries “Hail!” to the sun,
Whose beautiful bow and whose quiver
Outshines every one.

In haunts and in grottoes forbidden
To mortal desire,
The altars of deities hidden
Are kindled to fire.
Cybele is soothed with the verses
Her votaries sing;
And Bacchus has wreathed his thyrsus
With ivy of Spring.

Then gather the blossoms that fade not
The nymphs and the fauns;
Of Pan and Silenus afraid not,
Near rivers and lawns.
The wind from their locks shakes the petals
They pull on each hand:
Like Night doth her stars when she settles
Again on the land,

So pass in their glory and wonder
The night and the day;
The nights by the dawns rent asunder,
The dawns which decay.
They seem not, they are not, they cumber
Life's seasons no more;
They fade while she lies in her slumber
Who lived to adore.

And yet not a night ever perished
Unworshipped by men;
Nor a dawn that was sung not and cherished
Again and again.
And so will I sing thee, sweet maiden,
At night and at dawn.
Till life from my brow, sorrow laden,
Its wreaths has withdrawn.

And so will I sing thee, though lonely
I kneel at loves shrine;

Who only art beautiful, only
To me art divine.
Whose Beauty so rich can redeem me,
Its glory inspire;
Whose eyes though so pure and so dreamy,
Still kindle desire.

Let Life with her seasons supernal
Arise from her sleep;
As Venus the goddess eternal
Arose from the deep.
She rises of them unbehilden
Of old whom she knew;
Her eyes full of glory, her golden
Rich hair gemmed with dew.

She passes where none dare to follow,
Her hands touch the strings
Of the lyre of the beauteous Apollo;
She weeps as she sings.
She sings till the years are awoken
That slumbered so deep;
And hearing the songs of her token,
They listen and weep!

* * * * *

O dreams of a queen whose caresses
Were more than delight;
With morn on her brow, in her tresses
The jewels of night:
Whose seas cast their pearls for her bosom
Ere crumbled to dust;
A beautiful lotus, a blossom
Of love and of lust.

The seasons that knew her had singled
Her out as divine.
Reluctant to stay, yet they mingled

Like lamps at her shrine.
All souls with her marvelous beauty
Her beauty could win;
And that which was sin became duty,
Where duty was sin.

She too then, the fair Semiramis,
Whose rise made men fall,
Whose robe of the queen and the chlamys
Gave place to the pall;
She too hath now lapsed into silence
Till death shall respond,
In regions of darkness, or islands
Of rest far beyond.

One only survives through the ages
One only, alone.
They hailed her, the poets and sages,
The gods from their throne;
She came of the foam of the ocean,
A gift of the sea;
A glory, a dream and a motion,
Eugenia, like thee!

What garlands and crowns shall we bring her,
Whose grace men implored?
What altar make holy? What singer
To hymn her, adored?
Who made them immortal the mortals
Her path who have trod:
Who stands at the beautiful portals
Of Eros, the god.

Dreams change as the dream of man changes
Who surfeits on hope;
The demon of sorrow estranges
Each soul from its scope.
Whose scorn can corrode and embitter,

And chain and secure,
The heart of a youth that were fitter
For love than for lure.

O visions that torture and madden
The soul they have nursed!
As foul as the fiends of Abaddon,
Abhored and accursed!
From regions of sorrow, but mostly
From regions of hell,
They clutch at me pallid and ghostly,
The hands I know well.

They come with pale lips and wan faces
As white as the moon;
The muses that sing not, the Graces
That give not their boon.
Re-arisen through song, like a swallow
Arising at morn,
The songs I have sung for Apollo
Have brought me but scorn.

In letters of fire have they written
My doom on the wall:
I see them, their brows thunder-smitten,
The fiends of my fall.
They mock me like gods that abhor us,
Like Powers that be;
As cruel as the sunken, sonorous,
Vast depths of the sea.

They mock me, the forms of my visions,
The loves of my dreams;
I hear through the gloom their derisions
Like sobbing of streams.
I see them unrobed and unholy,
Uncrowned as the dead;

The nectar they pour me, the moly,
Is poison instead.

I quaff at the fountain called Mara
Whose waters are sweet;
Then pass to a desert Sahara
To freshen my feet:
To toil with a bruised and a bleeding,
Faint heart fallen quite;
The day in the distance receding,
Around me the night.

With sorrowful eyes that have measured
The near for the far;
With sorrowful heart that has treasured
A stone for a star.
With sorrowful lips that have sung to
The vast and the void;
With sorrowful hands that have clung to
The wreaths they destroyed.

O passion that knows no returning,
Below and above!
Infinite desire with the yearning
Of infinite love!
That craves for the blissful repayment
Of dreams unfulfilled,
When Night from the folds of her raiment
Her pearls has distilled.

By gladness arisen from sorrow,
By pureness from sin;
By dreams of to-day and to-morrow,
By all I would win
Through spirit repentant, supinely
Cast down on the sod:
By all which my spirit divinely
Believeth of God.

By visions of glories diurnal
Through seasons entombed
By stars in the heavens eternal,
That burn unconsumed;
By thoughts uncommuned and unspoken,
That thrill to desire
The spirit of Song, who has broken
The strings of its lyre:

By every remembrance most holy
Enshrined in the soul;
By all of those hopes which, though slowly,
Still lead to the goal;
By Grief with wan cheeks and wet lashes
Ashamed of her ruth;
By Love which will spring from the ashes
Of passion and youth;

By fame with its laurel to thunder
Made sacred by God;
By all of the deeps rent asunder
At once by His nod;
By Art with the lyre of Apollo
Whence Song has upsprung;
'Till every cool cavern and hollow
Gave echo a tongue;

By that which redeems while it blesses,
By that which restores
Life's glory to youth, her caresses
To him who adores:
By memories deeply engraven,
By days and by hours;
Whose hopes like sweet sweet spirits have paven
Our pathway with flowers;

By mystical meadows untrodden
Of feet mortal-born,

Whose rich precious earth is not sodden,
But nurtured of morn;
By Seasons which bring their renewals
Of fragrant delight;
The dawn with her flowers, with her jewels
The beautiful Night;

By blossoms of daisies and roses,
By birds and by bees,
By every bright stream that discloses
The glory of these;
By forests whose boughs are all laden
With fruitage of gold;
By these, yea, by these, O sweet maiden,
My love should be told.

I linger like one at the portal
Of death ere he parts;
Men say that forever immortal
Is love in our hearts:
And so for the love I would bring thee,
The soul I would pawn,
Eugenia, this song do I sing thee,
The Night to the Dawn!

LOOKING FORWARD.

Who would not make concession of his dross
To reap some vaster treasury of gold?
Who would not die like Christ upon the cross,
And shatter form on form, and mould on mould,
And crumble both to earth, and earth to dust,
That thereby Love of God might grow through faith and
trust?

That so a grander reverence might fill
The habitudes with which all custom binds
Religion unto man? And so distill
Some richer balm of faith into our minds:
Which Use could not decry, nor Wont defame.
One God, one Love, one Law, one Duty in the same!

So uttering to the uttermost of thought
Life's splendors in revealment. Unrevealed,
Because each beautiful conception wrought
In mind, is like that fabled fountain sealed
Within the rock, awaiting touch of rod:
Vast glory unto man made visible of God!

Then would the dreams we paint in subtle hues,
Then would the noble forms we carve in stone,
Then would the songs that glorify the muse
In Art be deemed divine through Faith alone.
And vaster spread the fields where we might sow,
And Homer clasp the palm of Michael Angelo!

So seems it as I muse and dream apart,
Amidst the roaring wheels of life that spin
Their mighty web of toil in every n^o art:
And pray that as the years come rolling in,
Such vast turmoil shall cease, such burdens change,
And richer faith in God succeed, and not seem strange.

A DREAM OF GODS.

If songs as yet he left to sing
For lips that will not falter,
And Pan those gifts of song may bring
To Venus at her altar;
I shall not fear the twanging bow,
The shafts that scorn may hurtle,

But idly wreath around my brow
The laurel and the myrtle.

And tread the path my brethren trod,
Made sweet through subtle uses
Of Venus, goddess; Pan, the god;
The Graces and the Muses.
What critic then shall dare deny
The radiant dreams we shape us?
Behold, the vision passes by!
Though headed by Priapus.

A troop of naiads trip along,
Some wild Bacchantes follow;
And Hermes sings a ribald song,
And Puck is with Apollo.
The sirens come from coral-caves
The elfs from sanctuaries;
Gaunt satyrs pass with staffs and staves.
The fauns lead on the fairies.

What mystic art so strange and rare
Has changed the stern Minerva,
Who needs a thousand Cupids fair
To wait upon and serve her?
What weird magician has revealed
So much of art and malice;
And made a salver of her shield,
And of her helm a chalice?

Then ran before me smiling bland
A Picus and a princess:
One carried acorns in her hand,
The other carried quinces.
I recognized one ancient face,
What mortal would have guessed her?
Who stepped along in stately grace
With Vulcan as a jester.

Jove, Pluto, Neptune, then came by;
And played with much of brio
A kind of common comedy,
Composed by master Clio.
I stood dumbfounded at all these,
And yet a little way on,
I saw beneath some mossy trees
Artemis kiss Acteon.

And stranger seemed it yet of all,
And wilder sleep's abuses,
That Here, Hebe, should withal
Be robed like Mother Gooses.
That fair Aurora should be old,
And old Cybele younger;
And smile as in the age of gold
At what Silenus sung her.

Bright Iris seemed a modest nun
With hood for eyes that twinkle;
And gentle Eros, Maia's son,
Another Rip Van Winkle.
A priest stood by who offered up
His sacrifices bestial;
Then drank the wine within the cup
To all the nymphs celestial.

There passed a roaring herd beside
Of centaurs, dragons, lions;
While on their hairy backs astride
Sat Charons and Ixions.
Here Circe seemed a beggar poor
Instead of being mighty;
And sold love-phials and charms for lure
With mother Aphrodite.

How can the mind abuse its sense?
How can the fancy slip so?

And mate on such a slight pretense
Old Saturn with Calypso?
Or make the Furies lisp so glib,
Instead of shrieking curses?
And Bacchus give an asses' rib,
And Hercules a thyrsus?

I read it in some ancient lore,
Or heard it in some medley,
That Lucifer is nothing more
Than Dis, arrayed more redly.
Yet cheek by jowl, upon my soul,
They capered by together;
To prove that saying sound and whole
Of birds of but one feather.

No deity escaped the touch
Of visions so fantastic;
Since Sleep had found in dreams so much
Of mingled matter plastic.
Of these she took her choice and part
To mould to forms romantic,
Until the very soul of Art
Became like Maenads, frantic.

And mated brutes with gods, till both
Became divine or human;
And Jupiter and Astaroth
A simple man and woman.
So true it seems, if we will think
Upon these rites and revels,
How curiously doth Nature link
The angels with the devils!



BELIEF IN GOD.

Since man can climb to higher slopes
If he will love, if he will trust;
Since richer faith and richest hopes
Can blossom even in the dust;

Since pure repentance brings relief,
Since darkest clouds have still their rift,
Since life itself, however brief,
Is all in all a precious gift;

Since love of Truth is glory won,
Since life fulfills each noble dream;
Since all that toil beneath the sun,
Christ once thought worthy to redeem;

Why do we not believe Him too,
Nor deem his splendors are withdrawn?
The flower born but of the dew
Must come to blossom by the dawn.

Why do we not His will obey?
Why do we not his pardon crave?
And make Humanity to-day
The true salvation born to save?

Are we less penitent to know;
Are we less willing to deny?
Do not our hands both reap and sow;
Do we not live, do we not die?

Do we not sin do we not swear?
Do we not feel Temptation's chain?
Do we not suffer from despair;
And toil for loss, and lie for gain;

Do we not hunger for Life's bread?
 Do we not often want it still?
 Do we not make the ground our bed
 Through days that burn and nights that chill?

Does Life to us bring more or less
 That we are scornful in our pride?
 Do we not live in wretchedness?
 Are not our holiest shrines defiled?

Why then are we afraid to kneel
 Believing man surpasses fate,
 When all the ages vast reveal
 That man is born to work and wait?

And every spirit needs a shrine
 Some faith to cling to, to adore;
 That makes not only God divine,
 But Love divine forevermore.

Not otherwise can Life present
 The blissful crown for which to toil:
 Through days of mighty wonderment,
 In lives of glory on the soil.

Why do we clasp the glittering sand
 And deem it oft the purest gold;
 Are we too frail to understand?
 Are we too blinded to behold?

Has Progress made us all so base,
 Has Mammon made us all so proud,
 That all the glory of His grace
 Is unrespected, unavowed?

Has Faith become a thing of scorn?
 Has Love become a thing of shame?

Do all the stars that sang at morn
No longer burn their lamps of flame?

Do grasses sweet, and flowers pure,
And birds that sing, and day and night;
Yea, all that teaches to endure,
Seem but for scorn in our despite?

Ah, better Death's eternal sleep
That such existences as these:
Where all the waters of the deep
Are lulled to everlasting peace,

Better the regions vast and void,
Better the flowerless fields untrod;
Than thus to have all Faith destroyed,
All love for man; all trust in God!

CHRISTMAS.

This day, Thy Son, O God, was born!
This day the Word took flesh and mould!
This day the angels did adorn
His sacred brow with love untold.

This day the kings from East and West,
Guided by one mysterious star,
Fulfilled thy vast, divine behest;
And spread the glorious tidings far.

This day the shepherds near their pen
All knelt in worship to their King.
While, "Peace on earth, good-will to men."
They heard the saints above them sing.

This day the Saviour's life began,
Foretold of old by sage and seer;
To bring Redemption unto man,
To preach to men that God is near.

This day Thy seal on life was set.
Thy Son's divinest task was willed;
A mighty star that shall not set
Until its mission is fulfilled.

So Faith still clings to what is past
As ivy to some crumbling oak,
Until it perishes; or at last
Is shattered by some thunder-stroke.

Shall Science come to conquer Doubt?
Or Atheism conquer Sin?
Both cast the fiends of fable out,
And not bring Truth's fair angels in?

The centuries that pass along,
Still pray with yearning soul indeed.
For grander lives of Art and Song,
A vaster still religious creed.

O then reach down from worlds above!
Complete the Law Thy Son began!
Unite all men with bonds of love,
Not man in Christ, but Christ in man!

Fulfill what seems Thy vast decree,
Be known of soul Thy soul's design;
Until through all eternity
All men shall know thou art divine.

Else splendor upon splendor pales,
Or in refracted glory gleams:

And that we would attain to, fails
Within the noblest soul that dreams.

For Hope shall not suffice for Faith;
For though we cannot pierce beyond
Where ages vanish like a wraith,
And orbs to mighty orbs respond;

And suns quaff splendor from its dark
To roll in music out of sight,
And every planet is an ark
That bears within itself the light;

Yet can we trample every shrine
To dust and ashes in the sod,
And make Humanity more divine
Than Superstition doth its God.

Then teach us Truth that we may know,
And mock the ancient oracle
That deemed thy richest blossoms grow
Above the lava-fields of hell. .

These we believe not, these we scorn,
So let the bells that ring above
Their message sweet that Christ is born,
Ring evermore that God is Love!

CATULLUS.

Others have sung their songs before me,
Others will live to sing them after;
But with my Lesbia to adore me,
O I can greet the years with laughter!
For who will live my life of love then,
Eternal through its joy and sweetness?

When not even the gods above then,
 Could know its true divine completeness?

Ah, every soul should live its own way,
 And ever onward toil, unwearied.
 Although, alas! this bitter lone way
 May seem to some like being buried.
 If I have written songs at times, then
 Perchance through these, one fleeting moment,
 I find in woven simple rhymes then
 A pure, richer life's endowment.

But we all dwell within a mist here
 Wherein no echo may respond there;
 And though they know that we exist here,
 What do they care the gods beyond there?
 They still behold us maddened nearly,
 Because the leprous distillment
 Of Hopes for which we pay so dearly,
 Have never given us fulfillment.

We win a game here but to lose it,
 The stakes are large the prize but little.
 For Life is only as we choose it,
 A potter's clay, so frail and brittle.
 And they, the gods, who toiled to make it
 A thing of life, and joy, and beauty;
 Will, presto, in a moment break it,
 Then vanish life, love, law, and duty.

Do we not live here for enjoyment?
 Do we not live to find life's bliss here?
 What else can be the soul's employment,
 If what life gives us be not this here?
 What makes our spirits still undaunted
 Through many miseries of sorrow,

If we were not forever haunted
 With dreams of bliss to come to-morrow.

Upon my marble couch reclining,
 Curtained beyond Hyperion's quivers,
 I see the heavens above me shining,
 The earth, its flowers, and its rivers.
 Fair slaves pass by me gayly laughing
 Around Corinthian columns gleaming;
 Whilst I recline Favernian quaffing,
 And part awake and partly dreaming.

Do these joys not surpass the verses
 That we have coupled, rhymed, and mated?
 Apollo cannot wield the thyrsus
 With eyes so dewy, lips unsated,
 As yonder lithe and naked maiden
 Now dancing on the marble pavement.
 O brows with loosened tresses laden,
 What dost thou dream of art's enslavement?

Go sing Achilles and Ulysses,
 O mighty poets of the ages!
 I rise and clasp my chalice, this is
 The only Fame that assuages.
 This, and yon maiden madly linking
 Her arms around a form in seeming.
 Still to be thirsting, to be drinking,
 To be kissing, to be dreaming.

Strange that the soul should ever cherish
 Those baubles of our spirits singly;
 That things foredoomed by fate to perish
 Should make us deem existence kingly.
 That we, whose jocund songs and measures
 The souls of many men are thrilling,
 Should deem divine these fleeting treasures
 The beggared being overfilling.

Immensity of dreams and visions
 Are ours to consecrate immortal;
 Wreathed asphodels of fair Elysians,
 Opened for us each temple's portal;
 Parted for us each veil supernal,
 Shattered for us the urn forbidden;
 Things everlasting and eternal
 From us their glory have not hidden!

Yet I decree men's burning praises
 Should be for him who nobly chooses:
 Our life a life of many ways is,
 Mine now is of the Loves, not Muses.
 Myrtle I wreath myself and roses,
 Laurels no longer garland Glory:
 For every day of life discloses
 How Famine, alas! is transitory.

O beautiful, divine Apollo!
 I crave no more thy glorious guerdon.
 No more thy footsteps do I follow,
 An acolyte for griefs to burden,
 My yearning soul its way retraces
 To woodivinities more mighty:
 I seek the altar of the Graces,
 The blissful haunts of Aphrodite.

I seek the brooks where crystal waters
 Impearl each neighboring bloom and blossom;
 I seek the naked nymphs and daughters
 That clasp a Cupid to their bosom.
 Some Bacchanal with locks unbraided,
 Within whose arms I yearn to be now;
 For all my other dreams have faded,
 And this is all remains to me now!



GENESIS.

Ere Eve had eaten the fruit forbidden
With man first born;
Whilst yet the light of the sun was hidden
And day and morn;
I was, and am, and shall be forever
Supremely willed;
The highest glory of man's endeavor,
That ever thrilled
The spirit of men in times and places
With deepest bliss.
The songs of the Muses, the dance of the Graces,
Of Venus the kiss.

The Krishna placidly calm in beauty,
The Incarnate;
Gautama teaching to men their duty,
And Chance, and Fate.
I was the Isis of Egypt's altars,
The veiled divine:
The spirit that followed the shawms and psalters,
To Israel's shrine.
I was the god of the grottoes sunken
In Thessaly.
The wild Bacchantes their revels drunken
Performed for me.

Ere yet a song of the saints immortal
Was heard on earth,
I was the spirit from Heaven's portal
That gave things birth.
To regions ebon, and void, and soundless.
I set their bars:
And in the spaces of azure boundless
The shining stars.

And to the ocean its ebb and flowing,
Within its range;
Forever changeless in form, yet knowing
Forever change.

Yea when as yet all earth was darkened
By fearful gloom,
The saints of Heaven my singing hearkened,
While stars did bloom,
And when this beautiful earth was moulded,
I did descend.
To see the scroll of the deep unfolded,
The waters blend.
The beautiful verdure and grass upspringing
On meadow and lawn,
To hear the birds deliciously singing,
When hailing the Dawn.

I was with Christ in his holy mission
From Nazareth;
I saw the terrible crucifixion,
The beautiful death.
The ponderous cenotaph's marble portal
My hands did break,
The soul immortal of Love immortal
I bade awake.
And when the Evangelists the visions splendid
Of Christ had seen,
I was the spirit that then attended
The Nazarene.

No spirit cherishing dreams of glory
Has lived in vain;
What seems eternal is transitory,
What darkened plain.
For God His prophets of old hath singled,
Of old decreed;
And shall not these forever be mingled

To what succeed?
Already the ages of man are counted
As stars that shine;
And that which Humanity hath surmounted
Shall be divine.

CYBELE.

Mother of the eternal Seasons in their range
O'er all things, and who givest all things change—
Spring with the bounty of her blooms and flowers,
Summer with fruitage in Spring's beauteous bowers
Autumn with prodigality of wheat,
Winter that tempers the extremes of heat:
Thine all the tender herbs, the green-robed grass,
The lowing oxen nibbling as they pass.
The snow-fleeced lambs, the swifter footed-fauns,
And all that dwell in meadows, woods and lawns;
Thine too the sun, the moon, the far-placed spheres,
Commingling and continuous through the years
Of thy eternal harvest, Mother Eld!
From whom no thing in Nature is withheld,
Listen our hymns which we now offer up
With frankincence in this quaint carven cup.
Thine all our sacrifices and our feasts,
Thine all the entrails of our fattened beasts,
Thine the ensanguined shrine whose smoking steam
Tingles the nostrils, and from the bright beam
Of all its flame, casts up its smoke like cloud
Arrayed in purple. See, our heads are bowed
In adoration; and we meekly pray
That thou, O Goddess, listen us to-day.
For we are wretched, we are weak, alas!
As are these sword-like blades of gleaming grass:
Yea, we are fainting as the dawn on higher,
Yea, we are maddened through our own desire:

Maddened Desire being wedded with Despair,
And Despair wedded with Desire most fair.
The blood-red lips of Pleasure kiss in vain,
For we have kissed the bloodless lips of Pain.
We dare not breathe Love's poppy-scented breath
For fear 'tis scented with the fumes of Death.
Do we not die? and this incorporate frame
To nothingness dismembered, as bright flame,
Join the eternal elements that consist
Of fire, earth, water, air, and dewy mist?
Of fair and foul, as of the light and dark,
Inseparably united; as the bark
United with the waters, as the heat
United with the flame's swift-speeding feet?
But thou, eternal Goddess, over all
Imperishably reigneth: to whom fall
Time, Chance, Fate, Sorrow, Love, Life, even Death,
Summed in the bitterness of one day's breath.
Time that flies ever, Chance with restless eyes;
Fate stern and awful, Sorrow with her sighs;
Love beautiful, and Life her twin-born mate,
And Death the brethern of eternal Fate.
All these are thine, O Goddess most sublime!
And Faith, and Hope, and Joy, that go with Time.
Therefore eternal Mother, deign to hear
These words lamenting, plaining in thy ear.
If thou art not all pitiless to grief,
If thou art not a gorgon to belief,
From thy high station awfully divine
To all our anguish if thou dost decline.
Then listen unto us as we desire,
And answer unto us as we require.
What is the consummation of all things?
We see, alas! that every season brings
A change upon us of deliberate sign,
That brings this body mortal to decline.
Takes from the heart that yearns and toils the strength,
Takes from the lips that thirst the cup at length:

Takes from life's richest feast the choicest fruit,
Till Death alone not Zeus seems absolute.
Yet may not every moment in its speed
Be but necessity of life indeed?
And we that hasten sadly to decay,
Seeing both youth and manhood pass away,
Then quiet age that hushes toil and strife,
Be but the preparation for a life
Succeeding higher, higher by degrees,
Until beyond the vastest destinies
We mount to Zeus? Doth Life forever cease?
Or is the everlasting calm and peace
That follows life, a prelude unto such
Divine vast harmonies of gods that touch
All instruments divine, till we shall be
Ourselves divine in immortality?
Fulfilling other duties, other laws,
Cognizant of the purpose and the cause:
Or otherwise receiving life intense,
In godly wisdom reaping recompense.
And we that would aspire to be as gods,
Through all their vast eternal periods,
Weaving the web of ages as they weave,
What obulus from us must Death receive
To pass beyond the fastness of the gate,
And elements and wide desmenes of Fate,
Into the fragrant fields of asphodel?
Answer, O Goddess, for thou knowest well!
And we who pour oblations at thy shrine,
Believing in the destinies divine,
Listen in sad suspense, as, mute and bowed,
We wait to hear thy voice from out the cloud
Of incense issuing from the crackling piles:
Then will we seek again the Blessed Isles!



EROS.

Ah! what is love?
A winging angel come from Heaven above,
It is a lark, a song, a virgin kiss;
A blossom tremulous with dewy bliss.
Aurora with the glory of her hair,
Venus with coronel of roses fair;
All that is beautiful, all that is bright
And all that is delicious or d^elight,
Or sweet, or pure, or holy, or divine.
Are offerings at Love's eternal shrine.
It is a smile, a tender word, a glance,
The Graces and the muses in a dance;
A pearl within its shell, a star of flame,
With moons like butterflies around the same:
It is the jewel in the crown of God,
The richest gift of Life unto the sod;
A messenger of glory to the earth,
That only comes to souls supreme in worth;
Youth, Hope, Joy, Pleasure, Visions, Dreams, Desire,
Pan with his reeds, Apollo with his lyre,
Sky, earth, sea, flowers, splendors, rainbow, gold,
Womanhood by her beauty aureoled;
Art, Music, Poesy, forms divine to each,
Lips Life must cling to, burningly beseech
For treasured honey in their deep rich cell,
Eurydice in fields of asphodel;
A Bacchanal that shamelessly allures,
Voluptuous rondels of gay Trobadours,
May, June, Spring, Summer, blossoms 'midst the grass,
Beautiful nymphs ungarmented that pass,
Following Faun and Picus to the cool
Shade of some forest near a crystal pool;
Young cavaliers, ladies, lords in rich attire,
A queen attended by her page as squire,

A carnival in Venice bright and gay,
Resplendent Rome upon a holiday;
Mosques, minarets. Alhambras, Moorish halls,
Palaces of Aladdin, waterfalls,
Twilight and moonlight, Silence and the deep,
That seems a Cleopatra in her sleep;
A Peri, an Iris winged from Paradise,
A song of Hafiz to his lady's eyes;
Balms, blooms, and scents; carnations, tints and hues,
Pearls, opals, rubies, jaspers, diamond-dews,

All these is Love
Created of.

DREAMS.

O let me lie calm lulled in luxuries,
Dreaming upon some beauteous isle of ocean;
While fragrant blossoms soothingly appease
My throbbing senses to a sweet emotion.

Let me recline upon some verdurous lawn
Embowered over with bright blushing roses,
And see beyond the temple of the Dawn,
Wherein the goddess beautiful reposeth.

Let me lie couchant on the dewy grass
Wooing the zephyrs to my warm embraces;
As Venus wooed Adonis, though, alas!
He froward was to her voluptuous graces.

Let me recline regardless of the time
Passing by swiftly on its wonted speeding;
While richest perfume from the verdurous lime
Doth make my senses still the more unheeding.

O dreams of Beauty! and O golden dreams!
 That come forever like the dreams of slumber:
 Of golden palaces near murmuring streams,
 Have I not seen ye lovely beyond number?

I have seen dryads speeding naked by
 Some sweet Bacchante or some satyr chasing;
 Or rapt in music's thrilling lethargy,
 Believed some forest-nymph I was embracing.

Some straying nymph of Dian's, lily-white,
 Violet-lidded, azure-eyed, and glowing:
 With her nude bosom tempting to delight,
 And her lips' blossoms all abud for blowing.

I have had dreams of many glorious climes
 Yet undiscovered to man's ceaseless seeking;
 Where all the winds are redolent of rhymes,
 And all the brooks in honied tones are speaking.

Have deemed me cradled in a Circe's arms
 Wooing from lips enchanted clinging kisses;
 Intoxicated by her siren charms,
 And her voluptuous beauty's dazzling blisses.

Or lain amidst rich Summer boughs and saw
 The revels of the Eleusian maidens;
 And others without God and without Law,
 In temples passing days as the Arcadians.

Or saw from 'midst the fragrant boughs unseen,
 Apart from Pallas wise, and Juno mighty,
 Paris extend the prize to Beauty's queen,
 The beautiful, the goddess Aphrodite!

Or saw where yet divine Olympus rears
 His lofty forehead in serenest ether.

The Hours, and the Graces, and the years,
Pass through those ever sacred grots together.

But not forever could my mind possess
The jeweled casket of those dreams of beauty;
And now I turn to glories not the less,
To reverence in man, and love and duty.

PAN.

A shepherd straying in a mead,
While passing pensively along,
Close by a brook, espied a reed;
And played thereon a simple song.
Men heard it: deemed the song divine,
Divine the singer and his art:
Uptraised for him a teeming shrine,
And ever worshipped him apart!

Was it the reed on which he played
That thrilled with such delight their soul?
Was it the song itself which made
Him crowned with glory's aureole?
I know not. But some touch of grace,
Some dignity has passed from man,
When Mammon now may show his face
Within the temple built for Pan.

TO E—A.

I vowed to my soul a denial
Of speech for the love which it feels;
What spirit when put to the trial
Is firm? So my spirit reveals.

And thoughts which were best left unspoken,
And words which were best left unsaid,
I cast at thy feet as a token,
A token of Passion instead.

TO E—A.

I have only one dream—to possess thee—
But one deep desire to fulfill,
To live by thy side—and to bless thee,
To worship thee still.

I have only one token to give thee
One flower of my passion to bring;
The life for thy sake I would live thee,
The songs I would sing.

I have only one bliss, I deny thee
Confessions of passing regret—
To remember my Heaven is by thee,
Since first when we met.

I have only one Art—not above thee
Because thou in all art divine:
My Art is the joy that I love thee,
Like one at a shrine.

A bird without wings would be sorrow,
A flower without fragrance despair;
Which scarcely to-day or to-morrow
Could scatter to air.

A lute without song is like sadness
When pining for dreams of its youth;
Till scorn turns its reason to madness,
To falsehood its truth.

But life without thee, without thee, dear,
 Without thee, what were Life let me say?
 What were earth, and the flowers, and the sea, dear,
 The night and the day?

And the stars in their glory above, dear,
 Whose heaven the angels have trod.
 What were God, had I grown not to love, dear,
 Through thee even God?

TO E—A.

O not for the sorrows it brought me,
 The garlands of joy it denied;
 The passions and pains which it wrought me,
 Deep-rooted in pride:
 O not for the cross and the crescent
 It bears on its banner of flame,
 Its glory to me in the present,
 Do I then worship fame!

But only because of the guerdon
 Its power and its splendor can bring;
 I bore and I bear every burden,
 I suffer and sing.
 Because of a dream that still lingers
 As stars. ere the Dawn rise above,
 I yearn to be crowned with earth's singers
 Through desire of thy love.

The bloom is not more to the flower,
 The glory not more to the Art;
 The song of the birds to the bower
 Not more to my heart;
 Not more to the sky are its splendors,
 Its jewels not more to the sea;

Not more what the Spring to earth renders,
Than thou art to me.

O Hope which became in fashion
A vestal that knelt at its shrine
To gather the fruit of Love's passion,
And dream you were mine.
I prayed at its beautiful portal,
My heart and my brain were on fire;
For with me all divine love immortal
Brings immortal desire.

Ah, failure in all was apparent,
Dethronement of Hope was assured:
And all that my spirit could warrant
Was pain which endured.
Endured, till it blighted and blasted
The soul joy had wreathed at first;
Ere the dream which it lived and outlasted
Had made it amerced.

Was nothing received in repayment?
No gleam of that glory retained?
When spirit discards earthly raiment
Can spirit be stained?
No hope realized, no fruition?
No garland be woven at Love's birth?
Each rainbow it arches, each vision,
A fit subject for mirth?

Form fleeting, fruit ashes, Art fettered;
Song smitten on lips that grow cold?
Life blighting the soul which it bettered
With blisses of old?
Pale phantoms that lure to destruction
The soul, as a serpent a dove.
No faith, no divine resurrection,
No salvation in Love?

Ah, no, this at least shall be real
 To spirits, that men mock with scorn,
 That God ever crowns the ideal
 In souls purely born.

He crowns it with sorrow or gladness,
 He crowns it with hope or despair;
 With richness of bliss or with madness:
 'Tis God's justice laid bare

Upon earth. But in Heaven insistence
 Is laid not on spirits that miss
 Earth's goal which they yearned for, Existence
 Was meant not for this.

Eternal as faith which they cling to
 In life, ere the soul leaves its clod,
 So the love shall be then which they spring to,
 Love eternal of God.

TO E—A.

Let me speak from my heart,
 And let me speak unto you;
 I stand by myself apart,
 And that which I speak shall be true.

I want you, O sweet, to be mine:
 Mine in your grace and your youth.
 For you unto me are divine,
 And Love makes divine what is truth.

I ask you to list, not to speak,
 The words of your lips would be vain;
 I know it is you whom I seek,
 And my love must return me its gain.

No power can keep us apart,
For Love rules in spirit alone;
I am yours through my heart;
And you are mine through your own,

And whether you wish it or not,
The bliss that I seek and the grace,
I shall find in every spot
That is beautified by your face.

Wherever your feet may stray,
Wherever your presence is known,
By night as well as by day,
You are mine, you are mine alone!

Even though you shall give
Your heart to another's control,
You are mine as long as I live;
Mine, mine, through the love of my soul!

TO E—A.

Forgive me, O forgive me! if I seek
To pen the passion that I may not speak:
To give to feelings freedom which, denied
Freedom, still surge and struggle to be free;
Till all my yearning spirit dares to be
Is, passionately passive in its pride,

Forgive me, if a moment—unto both—
I reconcile myself to break the troth
Of silence which has bound me as a slave.
And bidding innermost devotion break
Its bondage—but a moment for thy sake—
I seek to render back what Beauty gave.

Forgive me, if forlornly I desire
One moment, with my fingers on the lyre,
One moment, thus to bid my passion sing.
And in triumphing through what I disown,
Though sorrowfully, mournfully, alone,
A wreath of richer blossoms I would bring.

To crown thee who alone deservest such;
To crown thee whom my soul has crowned so much;
To crown thee as a seraph may be crowned
With glory and with garlands and by God.
Whose stars are pathways by those seraphs trod,
Whose suns are jewels by those seraphs bound.

For since no nobler dignity remains
To one with all youth's fire within his veins
Than seeking in relinquishment reward:
Since nothing now is left me but the Art
That breaks such beauteous idols of the heart
And wounds the pinions of the soul that soared;

Since all that I have yearned for to possess
(So much of love, so much of loveliness)
Leaves bosom barren to a fierce despite;
While one whom Fortune's smiles have crowned and
blessed,
May soon possess what I would have possessed,
May soon delight in what I would delight:

And from those lips though which but Love should speak
And in those eyes where Love alone can seek
Fulfillment of a passion unfulfilled;
Shall common duty hear and calmly see
The shrine where adoration's self should be
The words from Music's perfect lips distilled;

Then let me speak my passion! let me dare
One moment, to despise my own despair;

One moment to discard and to destroy
The fetters that have bound my soul so long,
The silence that has sealed my lips of song;
Let Sorrow speak its uttermost to Joy.

For neither Fate nor Chance can now control
The presence of the angel in my soul,
The glory of that angel in its shrine.
And all the depth of passion unrevealed,
And all desire unspoken and concealed,
But live to crown thy saintliness divine.

Ah, beauteous eyes that bless me and inspire,
Ah, beauteous face that thrills me with desire,
Not mine, not mine, alas! I must repeat.
The very Paradise of dreams they give,
The hope that glorified the life I live.
Now lie like perished flowers at my feet.

SOUL—THOUGHTS.

Life is not mine to give,
Life is not mine to share it;
Life is but mine to live,
Life is but mine to bear it.

Art is not mine to spoil,
Art is not mine to stain it;
Art is but mine to toil,
Art is but mine to gain it.

Faith is not mine to sow,
Neither may I reveal it;
Faith is but mine to know,
Faith is but mine to feel it.

Love is not mine to crave,
Neither may I possess it;
Love is but mine to save,
Love is but mine to bless it.

Joy is not mine to find,
Neither may I pursue it;
Joy is but Duty in kind,
Joy is in Duty—to do it.

Wisdom's not mine to claim,
Being of God to speak it:
Wisdom is God the same,
Wisdom is mine to seek it.

Peace is not mine to hope,
Peace is not in endeavor;
Vaster the spirits scope,
Greater the pain forever.

Death is not mine to ask,
Neither may I refuse it;
Part of my life and task,
Let it be God's to choose it.

EASTER—LILIES.

These Easter-lilies do not show
The hidden seeds from which they spring,
They come like angel hosts below
A fragrant tribute to their King.

And then each rich and holy cup,
Crowned by the hand of God above,
Doth ever seem to offer up
A benediction of His love.

They do not move, they do not speak,
Yet softly, sweetly, seem to say,
"Christ is not here of whom you speak,
He is in Paradise to-day."

Tokens they are which shall endure
As streams that flow, or stars that shine;
Tokens of pardon sweet and pure,
From Him whose Love is so divine.

ART'S DIGNITY.

Love thou thy Art as Truth itself,
Though Life be transitory:
To strive, to suffer, then succeed,
Is man's most perfect glory!

Be true to Art as to thy God,
Strive onward, never falter;
To sacrifice is to obtain
The crown at Glory's altar!

Remember not to quaff too soon
The Hippocrene Elysian;
For Hope is not a fickle boon,
Nor Life a fleeting vision.

List not too much to siren songs
However hymeneal;
But shrine forever in thy soul
Some beautiful ideal.

Bind not Apollo's fiery steeds
With soft and silken traces,
Nor woo with offering of weeds
The Muses and the Graces.

Quaff not from Art's Castalian springs
With lips profane, polluted
The seed of Faith its blossoms brings
When it is deeply rooted. .

Surrender not to passing woe,
Be soothed, cheered and strengthened,
Each hour which shortens life below,
Eternity hath lengthened.

Each Dawn departing leaves its mark
On Time's eternal dial;
Carve thou upon its broken arc
Truth, Faith, and Self-denial.

Each moment is a seraphim
To number God the ages;
And in Life's vast cathedral dim
They turn the mystic pages.

With every step on Glory's stairs
One step is still remaining;
Then stifle petty griefs and cares,
There is no unattaining.

For Hope still keeps for such as these
Her weird magician's chalice;
That mirrows man the vaster seas
To Fame's replendent palace.

While Fancy with her loosened braids
And bosom for caressing,
Is like the fierce Eumenides,
A curse and not a blessing.

O rise from toil as birds from earth,
Enduring, nobler, stronger!

Although those sister's three at birth
Life's thread cannot spin longer.

For unsuccess is not defeat,
The lips should never murmur;
But rather pray for swifter feet,
And spirit truer, firmer.

Still clasping in our eager hand
Art's pure illumined torches;
Until we reach the goal, and stand
Beneath the pillared porches:

And see beyond the sculptured shrine
The god whom we shall follow,
The fair immortal, the divine,
The beautiful Apollo!

DEMOCRACY.

Democracy! I hear men cry.
It seems a law throughout the vast
Periods of God, that at the last
The best must live, the basest die.

She stands alone upon the heights,
On Freedom's co-eternal rock;
Though tyrant-kings and monarchs mock
And trample down her anchorites.

Then let life's glorious current roll
And rush in mighty floods along;
And chant this everlasting song,
The greater men, the grander soul!

Being confident that time will bring
The perfect state, the perfect man;
The Democrat, Republican;
But not the king! but not the king!

Then shall men run a nobler race
In life; and seek some vaster goal,
Whose ultimate award the soul
Shall know, in glory face to face.

For the eternal elements
Seem working for some glorious cause:
In perfect ages perfect laws,
The summit of a God's intents.

The centuries have shrined their names
Who grandly dealt the battle-stroke,
Until Humanity awoke,
And saw again its giant aims.

And strove again with fiercer strength
To slay the destinies that subdue;
And never strove in vain, and knew
That victory would come at length.

As mighty ocean billows roar
Confluent to some rocky verge,
And ere subsiding, break in surge
Of giant torrents on the shore.

For though the base of Knowledge rests.
Upon the rook of Ignorance,
And many things belong to Chance
Which Wisdom uses as behests;

There is a glory in the soul
Which never can degrade to dust;

And in that glory we must trust,
Life's everlasting aureole.

And never make appeal to Fate
Until all better means are tried;
And in expectancy abide
Life's richest moments consecrate.

For we are ever prone to feed
The hungering lips with crumbs of bread,
Scattered by hands that long are dead,
Nor seek a grander faith and creed.

Oh, if the visions of our soul
To vaster regions would extend,
We would not fearfully contend
Together for Life's crown and dole.

But no, our spirits we impeach
Before the altar of mistrust;
When even lips that now are dust
Had richer Testaments to teach.

Why should it be that other times
Had their religions which sufficed,
Of Zeus, Osiris, Buddha, Christ;
And we alone our masks and mines?

Had all that spirits realized
In centuries forever past,
When Nature seemed not half so vast,
Become divine to be despised?

Did other men their temples build
To show how grandly Faith can live,
And we alone the Future give
A mission maimed and unfulfilled?

Have we destroyed the fuming shrine,
 Have we dethroned the mitred heads
 And torn all priestly robes in shreds,
 To find nor man nor God divine?

Surely we live not in a dream
 Surely our Universe may be
 A symbol of Divinity.
 Though things are never what they seem?

And God be still divine and good:
 Though Nature's vast eternal laws
 Pre-eminently plead the cause
 That He cannot be understood;

Duties to man are still assigned,
 Faith should be everlasting still;
 The coming ages must fulfill
 The vaster purposes behind;

And fair Democracy unfold
 Its banner strown with stars as now;
 Till Freedom's everlasting brow
 By every race is aureoled.

And not with crimson stains of blood
 Yet unerased by dew of rain;
 The symbol of the smiter Cain;
 She chants her songs of Brotherhood.

Till with the onward sweep of time,
 In ages born of sea and sod;
 She fines divinity in God,
 And makes Humanity sublime!



REMEMBRANCE

A song for the beautiful flower she gave me,
The blossom once sweet;
Whose beauty alone with her own could enslave me
A slave at her feet.

How pure was the passion that came with this token
Then fragrant with dew:
The love which its leaves could not speak, but was spoken
That night for us two.

O lips that are cold, which alone could now bless it
As once it was blessed!
O hands that are still, which alone could caress it
As once they caressed;

Alone in my chamber I weepingly linger,
For memory grieves.
I sing to the rose, but the rose of the singer
Is not in its leaves

Is Beauty and Love then as frail as the flowers are,
Which quickly decay?
And Hope and Remembrance as Night and its hours are,
That weep for the day?

A song for the beautiful blossom I cherish
The rose which I keep;
Its fragrance and beauty to me cannot perish
They live in her sleep.

They live in her sleep as she lives in her slumber,
As love in my song;
As yearning and pain in the years that I number,
How long, O how long!

ULTIMATE THULE.

If man might demand of the gods that for which all his spirit doth yearn,
To bless him and crown him forever in life, and the gods made return:
What boon would his incense arise for, his spirit beseech;
What glory to garland his soul with of bliss within reach?

Is it Fame who has woven the brow of her lovers with thorns dipped in blood?
Is it Wealth that has tramped Life's flowers to ashes ere grown from the bud?
Is it Beauty whose heart is a chalice of wine and whose lips are a song?
Is it Pleasure the naked Bacchante so frail in her joys yet so strong?

What garland gives Fame unto man as he stands like a Christ on the cross?
What treasures gives Wealth unto man all whose treasures are only as dross?
What nectar gives Beauty to spirits that yearn for nepenthe or Lethe?
Or Pleasure whose breath is as fragrance of poisonous flowers which fragrance we breathe?

Can Fame be a couch for the weary, can Wealth be as strength to the weak?
Can Beauty be eyes for the sightless, or Pleasure be Faith for the meek?
Or Fame be a star in Love's heaven that shineth, or Wealth be a sun?

Or Beauty be dear as a mother, or Pleasure be sweeter than one?

What glory of flower could blossom to beauty devoid of the dew?

What bird wing its way without wings through the measureless Heaven of blue?

What wonder of dawn or of night be beheld without sun without moon?

What spirit exist in the life that we live without dreams of this beautiful boon?

The heavens that glow in their splendor and wonder of sunshine beyond,

The earth with its marvels of flowers, the oceans unfathomed respond;

The oceans give voice to the earth, and the earth to the heavens above,

One glory alone do we ask of the gods and that glory is Love!

BELIEFS.

I believe that God forever
Has decreed that faith and trust,
Through the soul's supreme endeavor,
Shall not crumble into dust.

That the days may pass and perish,
Fairest things decay and die,
But the good we do and cherish
Shall survive mortality.

That no seed of Hope is wasted.
No ambition is despised;

That the joys we leave untasted
Are more richly realized.

That no labored ground turns fallow
For the toiling hands to reap;
That no stream of life is shallow
With its waters from the deep.

That no goal for which we hunger,
That no truth for which we yearn,
Shall be known of, any longer,
As but ashes in an urn.

That a spirit star-like guided
To Art's heaven of heavens beyond,
Although mocked and scorned, derided,
Shall yet hear God's voice respond.

That in Liberty fraternal,
With Humanity for shrine,
Life alone can be eternal,
Love alone can be divine.

And in every tribe and nation,
Upon every sea and sod,
Man alone be man's salvation,
God alone in man be God!

GOD'S PROPHET.

Night, day, stars, flowers, the present and the past,
All forms, thoughts, modes, and colored mystic things,
The beautiful earth divine, the ocean vast,
The poet in his spirit loves and sings.

All noble hopes and thoughts that kindle hope,
Creeds, polities, religions, codes and laws,

That seem to add to Life's diviner slope,
And seem eternal as the primal cause;

All that within themselves are not eterne,
All temporalities and powers born;
Forever willed to live for man to spurn,
Forever willed to live for hate and scorn;

All palpable, impalpable alike;
All cadences, all harmonies divine
The Ages from vast nature's organ strike
In pealing confluences that combine;

Not less than lisping babes whose virgin sap
Flows from the bosom of pure motherhood,
To brawny hands that take from Nature's lap
The sustenance of life, the opulent good;

Not less than every form and every mould
In which the spinner spins, the weaver weaves;
Or subtle hand creates in marble cold,
Or mighty spirit pens on fluttering leaves;

Or resonance of song from bronzed throats,
Or lyre Apollo tuned amidst the herds;
Or every haunting cadence that denotes
The rivers in the forests and the birds;

Not less than these but more the poets shows,
Gives utterance unto, and life and tone:
The wonderful reality that knows,
God's prophet to Humanity alone!



MESSAGES.

Tell men that they should hope,
 Tell men that they should trust.
The soul shall find its scope,
 Though all the rest be dust.
And Hate and Wrong shall dwindle,
 And Faith and Truth arise;
And Love the spirit kindle
 With light of Paradise.

Tell men that they should will
 Tell men they must be true;
The soul hath laurels still
 Love-dipped in tears as dew,
For noble is endeavor,
 Whatever life may give;
And they who strive forever,
 Forevermore shall live.

All Charity is good,
 Good deeds like stars shall shine.
Divine is Brotherhood,
 Humanity divine!
For all profound convictions
 That give us gain for loss
Through all life's crucifixions,
 Have glorified the cross.

So all which now may seem
 Its Truth shall then display-
The veil that hides this dream
 Of life, be rent away.
Be rent like clouds storm-shaken,
 Like darkness by a star;

And then shall we awaken,
And know then what we are.

BLOSSOMS.

To all men hope, to all men love,
A richer scope in all thercof.

To all men truth, to all men trust,
Blossoms of ruth from out the dust.

To all men gleams of vaster shores,
To him who dreams, to who adores.

To all men days divinely filled
With deeds of praise that ever thrilled.

To all men nights intense through prayers,
As higher heights the spirit dares.

To all men goals and crowns of fame,
Where mighty souls are one in name.

To poets meek with spirit strong,
The gift to speak their wealth of song.

To painters swift to yield too much,
A richer gift, a deeper touch.

To sculptors prone to visions grand,
The facile stone, the subtle hand.

To all men be divine reward,
Humanity in man as Lord.

DUTIES OF MAN,

Look at the lilies of the field,
They toil not, neither do they spin.
But only daily toil can yield
The blessed crown that man would win.

Only the daily duties done
Give recompense a thousand fold;
The sands that glisten 'neath the sun
May seem but are not shining gold.

But in the shell of Duty, deep,
The precious pearl of labor lies;
Unless we sow we cannot reap,
Unless we toil we cannot rise.

Unless we learn we cannot know;
Unless we seek we cannot find;
The intense seed of Love to grow
Is in the heart and in the mind.

And when we pray and when we ask
That toil be light, that life be sweet,
We dim the glory of our task,
And make existence incomplete.

AXIOMS.

Nobly to live,
Grandly to do,
Shall ever give
Glory to few.

Men are divine
Through what they perform;
As stars ever shine
After a storm.

Living in death
Is the soul in the sod;
Life is the breath,
But Love is the God!

THE POET.

To preach the wisdom of the ages,
To glorify those seers and sages
Who taught that life is but transition:
To seek denial in endeavor,
To sing to men God's truths forever,
This is the poet's holy mission!

To give a voice to spirits voiceless,
To make rejoice the hearts rejoiceless,
To worship Love and Faith and Beauty;
To learn Life's everlasting meaning,
Which Nature seems forever screening,
This is the poet's glorious duty.

To know the dignity of Labor,
As God Himself to love his neighbor;
To share with men their cross burden.
To sow in life divine endurance,
To reap in life divine assurance:
This is the poet's crowning guerdon

Also, however nobly gifted,
To see the sands of life are sifted,
To make Humanity fraternal:
To pamper neither creed nor faction,

To scorn all tumults of inaction
That flatter men with Rights eternal.

To be the symbol of creation,
The warrior of his land and nation,
Whatever dangers may surround her:
To see her glory not diminished,
To see her mighty race is finished,
When Liberty divine has crowned her.

And when men's deeds of valor dwindle,
To re-awaken and enkindle
Within their souls a higher splendor.
To be amidst the van forbearing,
To be the first of freemen daring,
The last of mortals to surrender.

To be men's souls divinely thrilling
Art's everlasting laws fulfilling,
That crown the brow with wreaths supernal.
To worship truth and not illusion;
To make sublime what seems confusion,
And what seems temporal eternal!

To soothe whatever hearts be broken,
To speak whatever be unspoken.
To right whatever be not rightful:
To bring Benevolence in fashion,
And then with pity and compassion
To slay the dragon hearts despiteful.

To scorn the miser for his treasures,
To mock the voluptuary's pleasures,
The politieian's peculations;
The lawyer for his bribes and cases,
The judge who adds to Law's disgraces,
The deepest infamy of nations.

To keep his spirit unpolluted,
To be in faith as firmly rooted
As pines on mountain precipices.
Whom every sigh of God can waken,
Whom every mighty storm has shaken,
But shattered not to hell's abysses.

To lead though none may seem to follow
Along the pathway of Apollo,
Where Powers eternal seem to set him.
This should a poet do forever,
Though myriads laugh at his endeavor,
Though men remember or forgot him!

A BATTLE-SONG.

Trample upon worldly pliance,
Teach the soul a firm defiance,
Life is neither Art nor Science:
But to live in self-reliance
Gives us all.

Every noble act and instance
Comes with giant-like insistence;
Fight for Truth with stern resistance,
Though the crown be in the distance,
Though we fall.

Perfect truth cannot be hoarded,
Perfect life must not be lorded,
Perfect souls shall be rewarded,
And hereafter be recorded
True to life.

For the soul through faith and fasting,
Amidst burning days and blasting,
Amidst clouds their thunder casting,

Shall find peace and everlasting
From its strife.

Let thy soul be like to plaster
Moulded by some glorious master;
Let the potter's wheel turn faster,
For in life are regions vaster
Yet untrod.

Tear aside the veil of Isis,
Let it know what life suffices;
For the soul that sacrifices
All its earthly Paradises
Lives in God.

HUMANITY.

It seems to me a glorious truth
Its own supernal splendor casting,
That should be in the souls of youth,
And on men's standards everlasting;
That sacrifices absolute
Through noble striving and endeavor,
If we succeed not, yet bear fruit,
And live in other men forever.

For strength shall thus succeed to strength
Eternal though perpetuation;
And this must give to earth at length
A grander race in every nation.
And men must know that not in vain
Are aspiration and ambition,
For if not theirs in life the gain
The race will gather the fruition.

For life seems evermore to-day
An everlasting battle-column;

Presenting in its vast array
A glory beautiful but solemn:
And are we not on earth a band
Of warriors, each a struggling brother?
Then pass the torch from hand to hand,
This is the only life no other.

Let none avow it cannot be,
We linger only at the portal;
The ages yet to come will see
The better manhood the immortal.
Shall see all beings occupy
Their station true, their true position;
Living life gladly, gloriously,
Fulfilling God's eternal mission.

Make way the coming of the Truth!
What soul that lives, but will adore it?
What soul perennial in its Youth
Will not live, hope, and perish for it?
Why should we ever babble of
The life hereafter's compensation
Let us make here our heaven of love,
And man in man enshrine salvation!

All hopes ideal and sublime,
Which bring such mighty visions splendid
To aureole the brow of Time,
By these shall men then be attended.
And they shall speed as lightning speeds
And soar aloft on eagle pinions
While sowing Art's eternal seeds
O'er Nature's realms and vast dominions.

And Hate shall quench her burning brand.
And War destroy her avalanches;
And Peace shall bless each nation's land,
And bear aloft her olive-branches

Crime, murder shall then be unknown,
Each race shall live its true condition;
Abolishing both king and throne,
And creeds of baser superstition.

True Brotherhood in Freedom's might.
Equality in man fraternal;
Love, Labor, Liberty and Right,
Shall aureole man's brows supernal.
A temple vast shall then be earth
And all the azure deeps above him;
And man, God's symbol since his birth,
Shall truly worship then and love Him.

IN A CEMETERY,

I wonder if the grace of God,
The grace which God can give,
Shall ever pierce beneath this sod
To make its buried live?

Here end all battles for the world,
Here Hope has reached her goal:
Here are Life's glorious banners furled,
The banners of the soul!

All that was beautiful and pure,
All Life and Love once gave;
The womanhood that could endure,
The manhood weak or brave;

The father's manly form and grace,
The mother's loving arms,
Sweet infants with their dimpled face,
Sweet maidens with their charms;

And all that suffer from their birth,
That pain our hearts to think,
The sad humanities of earth
Upon Bethesba's brink;

Life's degradation and its sin,
Its wretchedness and woe,
Have found their elements within
This crucible below.

All sorrow here hath found its peace,
All innocence its shrine,
Which gives to all alike surcease,
The human and divine

All goodness here hath won its crown,
All glory gained its fame;
Death makes the beggar and the clown
To equal things the same.

Each Custom which the age condoled,
Or Nature realized;
Each title reverence aureoled,
Each virtue it surmised;

Each temporality of old
Whose laud was trumpet-blown,
Meanwhile its worth was bought and sold
In temples built of stone;

Each honor in its purpled gown,
Each mitred-head unjust;
Each seer and sage of old renown,
Have crumbled here to dust.

These silent stonee that lift in air
Their haggard faces white,

Seem benedictions of Despair,
Or weeping nuns at night.

Though every dewy plot of green
'Midst which the flowers bloom,
Is like a fragrant page between
The awful book of doom.

What faith can clear the mystery
Behind this veil of sod;
When everything but seems to be
A mute appeal to God?

A mute appeal that has no claim,
A sad appeal for grace;
That writes its epitah and name
But hides, alas! its face.

As in the vicars of the Lord,
Alive beyond their terms,
We see beneath their mask abhored
Death's ashes and its worms.

Live nobly, die devoid of fear,
O Brethren, whom I love!
Our duty is as martyrs here,
And not as saints above.

LOVE'S DIVINITIES.

Love makes perfect, love makes pure,
Love makes everything endure.

Love is like a glorious hymn
Sung to God, when night is dim.

Like the honey to the bee,
Like the sunshine to the sea.

Like the perfume to the flower,
Like the rainbow to the shower.

Like the incense to the shrine,
Adoration makes divine.

Like the music to the song,
Like the laurel to the strong.

Like the poem to the words,
Like the singer to the birds.

Like the pearl is to the shell,
Like the sweet chime to the bell,

Like the crimson to the rose,
Like the dew to what it shows.

Like the stars to all their light,
Like the dawn is to the night.

So is love the gift of God
To the spirit, not the sod.

ORDEALS.

My spirit weeps not for repose,
It pleads not that its life should cease;
Complains not of the grief it knows,
Demands no anodyne of peace:

It rather prays for greater strength
Life's grand commandments to fulfill,

Believing that somewhere at length
Reward must come to duty still.

Seeking in Reverence divine,
In Fellowship, in Brotherhood;
In flowers that grow, in stars that shine,
In birds that sing, a life of good.

And in communion pure of soul
A holy shrine for thoughts intense;
In Womanhood an aureole,
In Liberty a recompense!

Yet did I once believe the years
Would come to me disrowned of what
My soul aspires to, then my tears
Would flow too soon for what is not.

But I will brood on no mistrust,
No hope divinely born forsake;
Trample no flower into the dust,
No idle overthrow or break.

Rather within Life's inner shrine
My soul will kindle purer flame,
And consecrate to Truth divine
The perfect lustre of the same.

Rather will strive with greater strength
To climb the hills so seldom trod,
And on to higher, till at length
I stand upon the hills of God.

LAMENTINGS.

Men still prefer to squander gold for dross,
To sully honor, to degrade the soul;

To crucify their Saviours on the cross,
To barter for the laurels at the goal;

Rather than elevate their souls above
The slime of circumstance, the mire of fate,
In pure humanity of soul and love,
Which are the gifts of man's supreme estate.

O what decadence into infamy!
What muddy waters from the fount of youth!
What shamefulness in beings that could be
The ministers to everlasting Truth!

What rank fruition of a spirit birth!
What wailing of a leprous Ichabod!
What life-wine spilt like water upon earth!
What sad forgetfulness of grace and God!

What desecration of Love's holy shrine!
What black pollution on life's altar-stair!
What immolation of the soul divine
Within the fearful dungeon of despair!

O heaven pity men that are so blind!
Since life so beautiful to them but seems
A fury in the caverns of their mind;
The haggard spectre of a drunkard's dreams.

Till everywhere, wherever these do pass,
The flowers sicken and the fruits decay:
Like virulence of poison on the grass
By Circe spilt ere she had sped away.

They will not listen to the litanies
Which calm the spirit in its wish to weep,
Thrilling it all with reverence and peace,
And Truth, and Hope, and Love, so pure and deep

They will not listen to the voice within
 Which murniurs loudly as the ocean waves;
 And over sweeps the slimy shoals of sin,
 The voice of Conscience which forwarns and saves.

They will not listen to the voice without,
 Which in brooks, birds, stars, flowers, and all we see,
 Makes witness everlasting against doubt
 Of Truth, Christ, Love, God, Manhood, Liberty.

DE PROFUNDIS,

Out of the Past to the Present,
 Out of the dark into light;
 To the life that seems but as a crescent
 That arches a vast infinite;
 The river forever is flowing
 Into the sea;
 But we know not whence we are going,
 Nor what we shall be.

O God, would this mystical question
 Were answered for once and for all:
 That each sad and each fearful suggestion
 Would sunder its chain and its thrall.
 But the Hand that keeps spinning the grasses
 Is hidden away;
 And the bloom it creates ever passes
 To realms of decay.

“Presume not,” all Nature seems bidding,
 “To know what ye were, what ye are.”
 While Life everlasting keeps thridding
 Its pathway from star unto star.
 But man ever ponders and reasons
 On all that he sees;

Through ages eternal, his seasons
Alas! are but these.

O man if the soul be immortal
Some day it shall speak and respond,
And open forever the portal
That leads to the vaster beyond.
O then let us hush apprehension
Till all paths are trod;
For Death may be but a suspension
Between us and God.

RE-INCARNATION.

Has Life been fairer than it seems?
And are those mighty orbs that shine,
But splendid fragments of the dreams
In other lives that once were mine?

Ah, then some meaning seems to burst
Through all the gloom that shrouds the past.
This life I live, if not the first,
Then makes existence twice as vast.

Perhaps those flashing spheres that roll
Through all immensity of space
Have, one by one—a single soul—
Once numbered me among their race.

And when in time I cease to be
A dweller on this globe of earth,
Another world or orb may see
My spirits everlasting birth.

Thence Life becomes indeed divine
And everlasting in its range;

And I can claim each star as mine,
Forever changing without change.

And all men brethren, one in soul;
Fraternal by a grand decree,
That makes the spirits shining goal
Commensurate immensity

Then shall Humanity indeed
Be not alone a dream of men
Who, breaking through all chains of creed,
Have been its prophets now and then.

Nor Freedom clasp in vain the robes
That gird the Holiness of God;
As ether which surrounds the globes
Creation made and man has trod.

Thence like a lightning bolt that cleaves
Night's cloudy cenotaph of gloom,
From out the Past my soul receives
The light that makes all Wisdom bloom.

Thence have I climb the hills of Time,
From lower valleys granite based,
And 'twixt eternities sublime
Believe my spirit to be placed.

Thence have I seen, thence have I known,
Thence have I found that God is just:
Who made our spirits not alone
Like sparks of fire in urns of dust!

LIFE AND LOVE.

If life were only living,
And Love were only giving,

What bliss could they surrender?
But Life is more than being,
And Love is ever fleeing
To realms of blissful splendor.

And Life and Love when mated
Of bliss are never sated,
They never dream of sorrow;
For them the muses linger,
And every lyric singer
From them his songs must borrow.

Their steps the Graces follow
With Venus and Apollo,
And harmony and laughter;
And every nymph and fairy,
From stream and sanctuary,
Their footsteps follow after.

For them Aurora rises,
And earth their Paradise is
A rich and glorious vision.
At night their sweet repose is
Midst asphodels and roses,
In fragrant fields Elysian.

The hours the Seasons number
Their dreams cannot encumber,
Who kiss in dreams to waken.
And wealth with all her treasures,
And Beauty with her pleasures,
Without them are forsaken?

They speak, and souls commingle:
They kiss, and souls grow single;
And rapture grows eternal.
They quaff from goblets golden

In forests un beholden,
Where dawn is not diurnal.

They mingle their caresses,
Together braid their tresses.
In blissful slumber lying:
Death comes not to their portal,
For Love is the immortal,
And Life is the undying!

A TOKEN OF DREAMS.

Are there not blossoms of Spring
Which we have never known?
And beautiful birds that sing,
But sing in the forest alone?
The veil of the future is broken,
And from the distance there seems
To come a mystical token,
A mystical token of Dreams!

When the fragrance of the flowers
Steals across the meadows green,
Do we not dream of the bowers
That no eyes have ever seen?
And the melody and the cadence
Of each forest singing bird,
All our spirit overlakens
With the music we have heard.

And the rivers ever flowing
Through the grasses wild and sweet,
Make us dream of naiads going
To their hidden cool retreat.
And the sea-shells on the beaches
Would forevermore retain

The weird song which Neptune teaches
To the sirens of the main.

And the mighty oaks in hollows
Loved by Nature and by Pan,
Were perchance divine Apollos
Ere Apollo's time began
When to forest grottoes hidden
From the rays of rising dawns,
To perform their rites forbidden,
Came the satyrs and the fauns.

Has the glory which pervaded
All the ancient shrines of yore,
Vanished like a dream and faded,
To return here nevermore?
Vain to seek the hallowed places
. For the gods which used to be;
For the Muses and the Graces,
Venus and Persephone.

You will find each temple hollow,
Every marble altar cold;
For Hyperion and Apollo
Have deserted them of old.
You will find each fane deserted
Its divinities withdrawn;
And each temple full of darkness
Once a temple for the Dawn.

Yet we oft obtain for a moment
Glimpses of a past beyond.
These are still the soul's endowment
That eternally respond.
The veil of the Future is broken,
And from the distance there seems
To come a mystical token,
A mystical token of Dreams.

QUESTIONINGS.

Art thou the end, O Life, art thou the end?
The inarticulate desire which lingers
Within the yearning soul of highest singers,
So loftily aspiring to ascend,
Alas! doth never seem
To make life but a dream.

Art thou Life's gift, O Death, art thou Life's gift?
What means our passionate and intense yearning
If that beyond thy goal be no returning?
Why should we ever madly strive to lift
Our soul above its clay,
If it too must decay?

Is all a dream, alas! is all a dream?
And all these noble hearts so slowly breaking,
Shall they not realize some glad awaking?
Shall they not sing for God a vaster theme?
Or only live to die
Through all eternity?

O God, we meekly bow our heads and pray
Believing though existence could be better,
That in departing it we are thy debtor.
Why should we wail, what hath our soul to say?
In thee we place our trust,
Do with us as thou must.

And trusting thee, Creator, we shall live,
Not on our lips and in our souls a murmur,
But with a faith grown nobler, purer, firmer;
And intuitions vast by which to give
A glory unto earth
Surpassing death and birth.

AFTER—AGES.

I pray that men may by the Truth abide!
Christ came not unto earth to preach for nought
His doctrine everlasting which he wrought
With spirit beautiful 'till crucified.
Life's scope can never be more vast nor wide
In these sad days of dark, perplexing thought;
When many men the Truth to be have sought,
But many men the Truth that is denied.

Dante gave judgement unto men in song
That pealed triumphant from his spirit's shrine;
Men call now his Commedia the divine.
And yet he strove how bitterly and long
To rectify the infamy of Wrong;
Eating the bitter bread he steeped in brine,
And agonizing with each burning line
The heart he bare within him grand and strong.

Shall men then Life's divinities forsake
To weave a garland for their soul of weeds?
Are there no further use for noble deeds,
That we the temple of our Faith would break,
Or rank idolatry of matter make?
Destroy all rituals, and rites, and creeds,
But that eternal Faith our spirit needs
No earthly thunder from its shrine can shake.

But rather as the cycle of the years
Broadens our soul's belief in endless Time,
And in the Universe of worlds sublime;
And we discern and know those clustering spheres
Are but a symbol of what not appears,
And with that Faith our yearning spirits chime,

Life then shall have attained eternal prime:
God then shall be with men, and men with God be peers!

LIFE AND DEATH.

Whether we waken or we sleep,
God's angel's ever sow and reap:
And one is Life, and one is Death,
And both are His; as Jesus saith.

Life scatters forth with gentle hands
Her seeds divine, and understands
Wherefore, wherefrom, each birth succeeds:
For God hath given her the seeds.

Death gathers every one that grows.
And binds them into sheaves, and knows
For whom he binds these sheaves of wheat:
Then brings them to His master's feet.

Blessed are they to whose increase
God sends His holy message, "Peace."
More blessed they unto whose dearth
He promises a glorious birth.

For each messiah cometh still;
And through the glory of His will,
Both Life and Death become above
Eternal joy, eternal love!

SONG OF THE SHEPHERDS.

When Christ the Son was Born,
That holy Christmas morn,

To give us love for scorn,
To suffer for our sin:
Some shepherds did ascend
A hill, their flocks to tend,
And as they on did wend,
This song did they begin:

“We are shepherds on the steep
Of Hebron, where we keep
Our flocks of ewes and sheep
From prowling wolves that pass
We guard them as they go,
With fleece as white as snow,
Above and then below,
Nibbling the juicy grass.

“Hail! beauteous star of night:
Never a star so bright
Yet blessed with such a light
The shepherds of the earth.
Resplendent and serene,
Tell us what it may mean
That till now never seen
Ye have such glorious birth?

“Doth God at last fulfill
The glory of His Will?
We listen and are still,
Not knowing what to-say.
O holy Powers that are!
We pray that yonder star
May herald from afar
The birth of Christ to-day

So sang the shepherds then,
And knelt them lowly. When,
“Peace! and good-will to men;
To men pure peace and love,”

They heard the angels sing,
And then they knew the King
Was born, who was to bring
Redemption from above.

Onward to whereto led
The bright star overhead
They went with reverent tread,
To where the manger lay.
Wherein the Christ was born
To save all souls forlorn,
That holy Christmas morn,
The Christ still born to-day.

DAVID.

The mighty David lieth low
Whose glorious psalms supernal
First taught the sons of earth to know
Israel's God eternal.
No pride usurped he though a king.
Whose heart was ever lowly;
His spirit ever soared to sing
The glories of the Holy.

He sang the everlasting Truth,
The mercy and the pity,
The life eternal and its youth
In heaven's holiest city,
He sang of saints and seraphim
Innumerably splendid;
Who with their sacred song and hymn
To earth of old descended.

He sang of all that God had done,
Then opened wide the portal

To herald His coeval Son,
With gift of life immortal:
Redemption unto life divine
Through sorrow and repentance,
That we might worship at the shrine
To which love gave us entrance.

The morning stars to him became
An everlasting presage;
A mighty symbol of the same
Who brought to us the message.
No peace with him could bear a sword,
No doubt beside him linger;
The inspirations of his Lord
Descended on the singer.

And as his glorious psalms we sing,
And listen to their story,
We pray to that eternal King
In his eternal glory.
That he may listen to our praise
Outwelling in devotion;
And make us purer in these days,
And give us grace for portion.

Forever hallowed be thy name,
Eternal one above us!
And may the Saviour thou didst claim,
Still guide our steps and love us.
Let life be not so hard a lot,
Let sin our hearts not harden;
Forgive us and forget us not,
For pity give us pardon.

And soothe the souls of those who seek
With praying never weary,
To climb to heaven, sad, yet meek,
Though all around be dreary.

With lips beseaching, spirit faint,
 In penitence and fasting,
 Their spirit purify from taint
 Through mercy everlasting.

O beauteous orbs so pure and bright
 Revealing heaven vaster!
 Be thou to us a guiding light,
 To lead us to our master.
 Who made us in redemption free,
 Who cleansed us in our sinning:
 Who is to all eternity,
 Who was from the beginning.

Who died for us upon the cross,
 And in whose crucifixion
 We have exchanged life's sinful dross
 For heaven's benediction.
 And through whose resurrection Sin
 Was captive made forever;
 That so our yearning souls might win
 Redemption through endeavor.

Then be ye neither proud nor vain,
 But full of sweet contrition;
 In pure humanities remain
 Salvation and remission.
 Remember that eternal line
 Of his supreme affection,
 Words everlasting and divine,
 I am the Resurrection!

CHRIST.

Surely He was the Christ! for more and more,
 The more I follow after him, I see

That all men's understanding and their lore,
 Grace, Truth, Love, Fellowship, Humanity,
 In him concentrated were still more complete:
 More potent, just, more glorious, grander still,
 More radiant, more divine, more pure, more sweet,
 While Goodness, mercy, all his life fulfill,
 ..

All holiness, all reverence, all love
 In him were perfect. As a beauteous fruit
 Plucked from the Paradise of God above,
 Whose seed gives life, since life is in its root.
 All tenderness, adoration, sacrifice;
 Submission reverential, prayers of grace,
 That fill the soul like incense of sweet spice,
 All these were his and glorified his face.

All Charity and Benevolence fulfil
 His mandate; To this end he came to preach
 That we should harken to our Father's Will
 And for his pardon weepingly beseech.
 That when we sorrow we should kneel and pray,
 That when we suffer we may yet endure;
 Remembering that after night comes day,
 That though we sinned, He still can make us pure.

Yet not until the fatherless cease to weep,
 Not till the hungry cease to cry for bread;
 Not till the hands that sow the corn may reap,
 Shall we believe him living and not dead.
 Nor till the bitter agonies are done
 Which rend the soul of true Humanities;
 Nor till the rising and the setting sun
 Be welcomed by a world's rejoicing cries.

Nor till injustice shall become discrowned,
 Nor till the infamy of mammon fall;
 Nor till a nobler tree from nobler ground
 Shall spring, and spread its branches over all.

Till then we shall but know him as a mighty
Potential for vast good: A great compeer.
And hail him as the Way, the Life, the Light!
But not the God, whose spirit suffered here.

NATIONALISM.

Let us live to-day. To-morrow
Never may arrive;
Let us live in joy, not sorrow,
While we are alive.

In the sleep that knows no waking
Lies our loss not gain;
Though our hearts be daily breaking,
Think not life is vain.

Man hath plucked the fruit forbidden.
Such is our belief;
Man hath plucked and hath been chidden,
Is this all our grief?

Shall we that have come hereafter
List to such a tale?
Treat no faith of man with laughter
But let Truth prevail.

Brethren yearning, striving, toiling,
In the fields of art.
Draw away this serpent coiling
Round your mighty heart.

Let us make a grand confession
Having found it out,
Man makes infinite progression
Less through faith than doubt.

Never yet a fearful battle
 But some hero fell,
Never died a noble martyr
 But the world said, well!

Let us stand before the Being
 Who gave life to all,
The Almighty, the All seeing,
 Free to stand or fall;

Nobly stand before Him, saying.
 “God, we do confess
Toil to us seems more than praying,
 Judge Thou whom to bless.”

’Tis the age of Progress, Labor,
 Brotherhood in all.
Onward, onward, to each neighbor
 Chant the battle-call.

“Onward”: be the word of rally,
 As our spirit thrills.
Past the meadows and the valley
 Rise the higher hills.

Soul infinite in its striving
 Fulfilling its desires,
Everlastingly surviving,
 Everlastingly aspires.

O unfold the glorious pennon!
 Now is born the hour.
Let its sunrise strike from Memnon
 Songs of grander power

The Republics of the future
 Is the law we scan,

And their mightiest creator
Not a god, but man!

Man not chained by superstition,
Man whose fear is past,
Who beholds as in a vision
Ages, aeons vast.

Man whose duty shall be glory,
Man the sunlike souled;
Man the giant who has labored
In a giant mould.

Knowing Truth cannot be hoarded;
Knowing he will be
Nor by priest nor Mammon lorded,
Grand, glorious, just, and free!

ORACLES.

We bear the brunt of years,
Their scorn and laughter,
For that which but appears
A bauble after.
Passionately concentrate
Each thought and purpose
On that eternal fate
Which shall usurp us,
Goadling our hearts to bear
Unaltered striving,
For that to which man ne'er
Yet knew arriving.
Maddening our souls to grasp
At shadows fleeting,
Till with some poisoned asp
It knoweth meeting.

Cherishing instincts fine,
By which most odly
We worship the divine,
Profane the godly.
Keeping our souls athirst
For brittle glory,
Until life's bubbles burst
So transitory.
Wooing each transient thing,
Each flower of daytime,
Dreaming the years will bring
Forever Maytime.
Until we realize.
Though not too quickly,
Our buds of Paradise
Bloom rather sickly.
The gods to whom we pray
How long shall these live?
Since day after day
Is all man sees live.
Powers and attributes
Of old in glory
Were from their sodden roots
Plucked, being hoary.
Best to forget the past,
Best not to cherish
Blossoms that scarcely last
Until they perish.
Best to forget the rest,
Best to be living
Close to Earth's mother-breast,
She the forgiving.
Then still to gaze on high
For worlds more cheerful;
Since man must live and die,
What can be fearful?
All else that we devote
To our emotion,

Eternal stars afloat,
Eternal ocean,
Sky-forms of loveliness,
Blossoms of beauty;
Make not our pain the less,
Enrich not duty.
Pass not from hand to hand.
The morsel needed;
Hush not in every land
The groans unheeded.
Only beget in us
Desire and denials;
Bring but regret to us,
Through earthly trials
Only show man a goal
Beyond endeavor,
Making him dream the soul
Exists forever.
When as the flowers, so
Were we created.
And as the flowers go,
Are we all fated.
O men, my fellow-men!
Strive to be better.
For it is now, not then,
We are God's debtor.
Now that we must pursue
What's worth pursuing,
Now that our hands must do
What's worth the doing.
Lie not to child nor man,
Give not forth curses;
Whatever be the plan
Here best not worse is.
Treat not the world with scorn,
Life is no burden;
Furrowing the fields of morn
Brings glorious guerdon.

Man is the God at toil,
Life the Apollo;
Sing, we shall love the soil!
Lead, we shall follow!
Hope, we shall form the van;
Do, not surrender!
Splendors are born in man
Beyond all splendor.
Having so done, go reap
What we have sown here;
Then lie thee down to sleep,
Nought else is known here!

A LEGEND.

A legend of old. For while praying
For grace, a fair saint, to her cell
Came Satan, the fallen one, saying,
"O thou, whom the Lord loveth well!

Come show me the temple most holy
Where His kneeling worshippers sing;"
The beautiful saint rises slowly,
And forward the fallen doth bring.

They enter a cloud like a chariot;
And then over sea over land
This greater, this mightier Iscariot,
Is led by the saint in command.

Descending, a church partly hidden
Is seen in a valley most fair:
She leads the accursed, the forbidden,
And points to its cupola there.

And shows him each corbett and column,
Each fisian, each wreathed aureole;
Then listened, when came the deep, solemn.
Grand tones of the mass to her soul.

The pearls of the organ, the carmen,
The incense perfuming the air;
The sweet and the beautiful amen,
All these reached the listeners there.

She smiled, the pure saint: her orbs showing
The rapture, the bliss, and the awe,
That comes to those anchorites knowing
God's mercy divine through His law.

But Satan's proud features grew darkened,
White hate made him silent a space;
Then asked "What is this I have harkened?"
She answered. "Sweet prayers full of grace."

So entering they saw the white roses
That garlanded altar and cross,
The shrine where the Saviour reposes,
Now garmented green as with moss.

Then Satan in rage fumed and spluttered
To see the church decked like a bride,
"How wealthy thy lord is!" he muttered;
"He is": the saint simply replied.

"O come then," said he, to my regions
Where I too am worshipped as king,
And god: and around me in legions
The angels tune harps as they sing."

She nodded assent. But ere going,
His curse Satan cast on the place:

But God, the Almighty, the knowing,
Forbad, through His mercy and grace.

They entered a cloud then together,
And sped over sea over land
In beautiful regions of ether,
With Satan this time in command.

Descending, the fallen Immortal,
With lips in a cruel mocking curl,
Opened wide for the Saint a bright portal
Of diamond, jasper, and pearl.

And said to the saint softly, "Enter!
Behold all the glory within."
She saw far beyond the black tempter
The palace eternal of Sin.

And heard too the rush of the pinions
That came from the archangel throng,
Who dwelt once in heaven's dominions
Ere stars of the morn sang their song.

While thick oozy napthah consuming
In many a cresset and bowl,
And millions of sweet flowers blooming
Voluptuously tempted her soul.

"Thou temptest me;" shrieked she despairing.
"Forbear! for His Vengeance divine"—
"Ha! Ha!" Satan cried, "No forbearing:
Thou are mine! thou art mine! thou art mine!"

All hope for the saint seemed departed,
For millions of spirits around
From flowery arbors upstarted;
Saints, seraphs, and Powers discrowned.

Yet even though all hope seemed banished
She prays to the cross on her breast;

Then palace and everything vanished
With roar as of giants oppressed.

While seraphs in glory have taken
The innocent soul lovable,
And sung her to sleep, to awaken
Again a pure pearl in her cell.

Resist thou, O man, each temptation!
Though weakness be thine pray for strength.
Remember that each tribulation
But purifies spirit at length.

The mill of the gods may grind slowly,
But justice and mercy's reward
Will give evermore to the holy
A seat near the shrine of the Lord.

And there shall all joy be eternal,
Ineffable blisses abide;
And powers and splendors supernal
Be thine, as the bridegroom's the bride.

MYSTERIES.

All of the vast creations
Of nature that we explore,
Seem only the revelations
Of a power that is evermore.
But the truth everlasting is hidden
In regions by man yet untrod;
Like a beautiful flower forbidden
In the wonderful garden of God.

We brood in our weakness, and ponder
Over all of the things which we see:

But the world's which exist for our wonder,
Exist in divine mystery.
For God in His wisdom surpasses
The folly of minds that would know:
And the flowers, the fruits and the grasses,
Refuse to reveal how they grow.

Not once has the Sphinx of the Ages
Been answered the question she asked;
Not once have the seers and the sages
Life's mystical meaning unmasked.
Not once has a spirit anointed
Yet entered her temple so vast;
Disheartened, forlorn, disappointed,
We question in vain to the last.

Thus life still conceals her deep story
To which we can scarce give a name;
We catch but a gleam of its glory,
We know but a word of the same.
The rest lies beyond our exploring
Through Nature's insoluble scope;
Whatever men dream while adoring,
Faith's beautiful idol is Hope.

PALM-SHOOTS.

If memories born of regretting
Would bring not regret;
And remembrance were sweet as forgetting,
Ah, who would forget?

From the blossoms of love
Fall the seeds of desire,
As the stars from above
Shower quivering fire.

Sometimes the overflowing heart
Is mute to what it would express,
And thrilling by itself apart
Can only pray, can only bless!

If resignation may indeed,
And if humility devout
Bring to the soul Love's purer seed,
Then I shall conquer sin and doubt,

If Love but cherish to the last
The blissful moments it hath known,
No sad remembrance of the past
Need ever teach it to atone.

Love can no purer joy suspire,
Can know no deeper bliss,
Than when fulfilling its desire
In one eternal kiss.

We know not what we are,
Know not what we shall be:
Our soul seems like a star,
Our heart is like the sea.

Life cannot be a lie,
Nor God. Yet nought is known.
Except that we must die,
O God, and this alone!

Though the love of thy lover be strong,
Though the words of thy poet be wise
Death, alas! will turn both to a song,
When it seals up his eyes.

Though the eyes of thy maiden be bright,
Though the lips of her beauty be pure,

Death, alas! will taint both in a night,
They are sin to his lure.

For fear that Faith should not succeed,
Where Love itself could scarce surpass,
God gave us Nature for a creed
Who moulds the mountain, spins the grass.

Who plants the seed and feeds the root
With moisture nurtured in the skies,
Who grows the flower, and the fruit,
Who paints her rainbows for our eyes,

Yet she is but a symbol of
The Spirit that rules in stars that shine,
Who is the Wisdom and the Love,
And in whose Love we are divine!

Humanity to man! it was once said
By one reputed wise, by wiser men.
In after times those words became instead
A glory in the heart of William Penn.

He preached a mighty sermon, grand and just,
A man whose brow the ages aureole:
The dignity there is in human dust.
And the divinity within the soul!

No creed did ever yet its standard wield
That had not gained some victory in the field
Of Truth. No tribe, no race, though now unknown,
That did not deem it stood near God alone.

O not to be vindictive is to be
Truly heroic. Christ is most divine
In brotherhood and in humility,
And for his sacrifice at Duty's shrine.

How weakly many men prejudicate
The action of the gods. And in their pride
Commeasure out Life's elements of Fate,
As if vast Nature's laws were theirs to guide.

How beautiful a poem is a woman
When beautiful. In her all graces human
Transform themselves as in divinity:
And Love, Faith, Virtue, are her radiant trinity.

Not the Hellenic fable of the Graces
This idyll beautiful on earth replaces,
Who in spiritual loveliness transfuses
Through all of life the glory of the muses.

As holy as the pealing chime
Of vesper-bells in Sicily;
So let me echo still with time
Remember me! Remember me!

The book of life is full of grief,
And so I write herein with tears
A simple line most sad and brief,
Remember me through coming years.

The spirit sinful in its course
Through channels of decaying sod,
By resignation and remorse
May yet be purified of God

If Nature were but understood,
We would believe that God is good:
And never more in doubt repine,
For true belief makes souls divine.

I saw as in a dream, from heights untrod,
A form divine, whom multitudes did follow:

And heard them cry while following their god,
"All Hail! Democracy; thou new Apollo,"

We must live two lives on earth,
First the blossom then the fruit:
Both are born with us at birth,
Symbols of the absolute.

To-day I found a forest shrine.
And there before its altar vernal
I learnt that God is love divine,
And love divine is God eternal!

Some men with dreams of life so vast,
Place God so far away,
That not till life is nearly passed
Is darkness turned to day.

Then rudely waking from a dream
In which they found no bliss,
They come to think that all things seem
Which seem to them like this.

O I am past the age of youth,
And all which thrilled my soul of yore
When fancy seemed the angel Truth,
Must be relinquished evermore.

It seems unjust, it seems most cruel,
That they, whose mighty souls will be
On Glory's crown its brightest jewel,
Should suffer most of poverty.

The greatest joy is inexpressible,
That very moment when we would express
Our perfect joy, its blissful power grows less,
And there is nothing for our lips to tell.

An ounce of sweet is worth a pound of sour,
One day of joy is worth a life of pain;
For if we take from life its fairest flower
What else but barren leaves can it retain?

Oft when my heart would shed its tears
And only aches with sad regret,
I ask a question of the years.
And they reply, "Not yet! not yet!"

And when my soul has banished care
To idle on some grassy slope;
I hear a voice which cries, "Beware!
Beware! do not forever hope."

I seek in Poesy a power
To which my spirit may unfold,
And seek to give my spirit mould,
And form eternal to the hour.

They are the poets and sages
Who with their souls filled with beauty,
Have sung with the lips of the ages
Their paens of Love and of Duty.

Of this be sure,
The love that is not pure
Cannot endure.

That faith and trust,
And all things beautiful and just,
Succumb to lust.

It is not joy but pain to be endowed
With life's most highest faculties in man;
To think we know, and thinking to be proud,
The Hebrew mocking the Samaritan.

Years may pass with sad complaining,
 But the dreams we knew of yore
 In our souls are still remaining,
 To remain forevermore.

In Wisdom I would still surpass
 Those greater minds that were before
 My time of being. But, alas!
 This seems denied me evermore.

For when my soul would comprehend
 The glory of the Powers that be,
 I cannot make its spirit blend
 With all their vast eternity.

Why should not every spirit be
 As calm as sleep, as pure as snow;
 Not like a restless, moaning sea,
 Forever in fierce ebb and flow.

'Tis folly to be wise
 Go, therefore, be a dunce:
 This in some people's eyes
 Will make thee wise at once.

In every mind there is a creed,
 In every mortal is a shrine;
 We seek ourselves in God. Indeed
 God is in us alone divine.

God gives to men some glorious art
 And bids them toil and die for it;
 And not to lie like stones apart
 Until they crumble bit by bit.

Man is dual nature blended;
 First the soul part that would climb

To the regions unascended,
Then the beast part bred in slime.

Swayed by all the influences
Of the elements above;
Passionate in all his senses,
In his hate and in his love.

A poet is not out of place
No more than incense on a shrine,
He is the godhead of his race,
A symbol of the vast divine.

The art to-day of novelists romantic
Is but excessive folly growing frantic.

True love, should not like Passion know excess
But should be pure love, pure and passionless.
That love which worships Beauty as a thing ideal,
And finds that beauty ravishingly real.

No legible impeachment is more stern
Than that wherein the Conscience is accuser,
It is the truth that men must come to learn
That our own free will is Life's abuser.

Not for this age nor for these people sing,
So said a noble poet, who but late
Passed onward through Death's everlasting gate,
The dark receptive of Life's everything.

Let reason banish then desire for fame;
Which greedily would lap in self applause,
And idolize an unassuming name,
Be thou no strumpet to so rank a cause.

A poet never once should dip his pen
Within the fount of Lethe, to forget

He is a mortal among mortal men,
No, let his heart be with them, love them yet.

What sad recurrence to Life's faded book
Can bring again the wealth of better days?
When Time himself purloining such a look.
Can add thereto no ornament of praise.

In one poor sentence is epitomized
All the compromise which we make for fame.
For which the spirit abject, scorned, despised,
Lingers within its prison house of shame.
Life truly speaking, is alone a breath;
Or else a worn habiliment of Death.

Yet even on such frail essence buoys our hopes,
Whose radiant vesture wrapping us around
Gives our poor souls illimitable scopes,
Hopes beyond glory, glory beyond bound.

When we forget the only psalm
That could have made existence calm,
And feel the burden of the years,
Ah then our spirit droops in tears.

Like a song we oft repeat
Because its melody is sweet,
So memory repeats the same
The words that Love's lips learnt to frame.

We laugh in the daytime and weep in the night,
For day is for laughter, but night is for tears:
And both are the blessings that fall from the white
And beautiful cup in God's hand through the years.



A PRAYER.

My life, O God, is in thy power:
Do with it even as thou wilt.
Yet ere it be more stained with guilt,
Deny the undenying hour,
Consume the unconsuming flower,
Ere all its purer dew be spilt.

Shatter the urn, the fruit decay,
Give me eternity to-day;
The peace eternal which you may;
Or do not give but take away.
Reclaim the fullness blown of youth,
The lips that knew to speak the truth,
Ere falsehood turned those lips astray.

Reclaim the intuitions sweet.
Reclaim each unrenouncing hope,
That led the spirit to a scope
Of life much grander, more complete.
Recall from battle's fiery heat
The weary warrior of a score
Of bitter years, or scarcely more:
Recall him back forevermore.
Who willingly would surrender all
Hope, life, love, joy, for such a call,
And change the banner for the pall.

For now I feel so much alone,
So sorrowful and so unknown,
So passionately sensitive,
That gladly would I cease to live:
And seek my rest beneath the turf,
O'er which the Seasons, like the surf

Above some shining beach will roll
 Their holy anthems to my soul:
 Their sweet antiphonies divine;
 Although unheard of ears of mine:
 Although unknown myself of men,
 But I shall be so peaceful then!

SONNETS OF HUMANITY

PRELUDE

I.

Lo, standing at the altar of the grave,
 I ask myself if man be truly dust.
 If death ends life, if love be only lust,
 And not a voice replies unto me, save
 My own weak soul. And this replies, 'He gave
 Life unto man, and bade him hope and trust;
 To live a life that should be nobly just,
 And not to be each moment's passion slave.'
 And he, the poet, who has ever lifted
 His voice of song above all depths of woe:
 He, yet to-day eternal with the gifted,
 Hath he discovered what none really know?
 Has Death for him the clouds so gloomy rifted?
 Could he reply if God should will it so?

II.

Because his life seems passed through higher ways,
 Since art for him makes beautiful the path,
 Yet bitterest pangs his soul do often scath,
 And griefs that curse, and maladies that craze.
 Dante and Tasso knew in other days
 The uttermost of Life's most fearful wrath,
 Which God gave not and yet existence hath,
 Eternal as Creation's roundelay.
 These were not blind to what the world reveals,
 Nor deaf to cries of agony we hear:
 And yet the world awaits the coming seer
 Who, in a bridal-dawn of thunder peals,
 The vast antiphonies which Life conceals
 Shall chant, as grand Humanity's compeer.

III.

Prone to idealize earth's mighty throng,
To poets Life means Beauty, Nature, Truth:
As in those days when art was in its youth,
As in these days of renovated song.
And shall to them no laurel-wreaths belong,
Whose souls are thrilled with nobleness and ruth?
And shall these be denied them? then forsooth,
Ourselves and not their memory we wrong.
Existing, Art they worshipped for itself,
Striving to show what life is really worth;
Its purposes, its glories, its rewards.
They scorned at those whose souls' amount is pelf,
Whose creeds are in habiliments of earth,
For this the ages crown the poets, lords.

I.

I am the poet of humanity!
I ask the crown for Labor, and I ask
Justice for man, the laborer, at his task:
Symbol incarnate of divinity.
In every land, wherever land may be,
The just and unjust in the sun may bask;
God is not partial, Nature wears no mask,
Whose laws obedience pay in ministry.
'Tis man who treads his fellow brethren down,
Who stains the jewels on Life's glorious crown;
And he whom Fate or Wrong hath given curse
Of Poverty, is deemed lesser than the least.
O Brethren, trample on the sluttish beast
That preaches Mammon, aye, that preaches worst!

II.

I trust in man, and all such faith and trust
Shall not succumb; but rather shall succeed:
And bring to man this everlasting creed—
Not that we may do but that which we must.
Peace born of Love, but love not born of lust,
Shall be for man a sempiternal seed,
And Fellowship shall grow in word and deed,
And man for man shall live nor be unjust.
Life sweetens toil, but toil shall sweeten life;
And strange to history shall be war and strife
When Song at best may chant her grander themes.
For love to peace, and both to man being linked,
Shall show Life's vastest purposes distinct;
But not in dreams, O God, but not in dreams!

III.

For one to surfeit million hands must toil.
O what a sum of infamies abhored
To royalize a king, to deck a lord,
To multiply a magnate's hoarded spoil.
What misery from labor and turmoil
Of man, as beast forever goaded, gored;
What poverty, what multitudes ignored,
What want, what crime, what hell upon this soil!
O opulence material deified,
And wrong incarnate by the law of Might.
Beware! the leagued Brotherhood of Right,
Firm heart to heart, and brawn to brawn allied,
Can slay e'en Mammon wallowing in his pride
When thunderbolts of Freedom fall to smite.

IV.

Christ, Saviour, Master, Sabbaoth! better known
By thy eternal creed of Love, and best
Through mercy infinite and Pardon blessed
Of God for man, thus gleaning bread from stone;
If man degenerate in sin atone,
And having faith in thee, full faith possessed
Of God, and Love, and Truth, shall leave the rest
For thee to judge: O leave again thy throne!
Again we cry with burthen and with ban;
With travail terrible of Sin's foul birth.
Be mortal not immortal on the earth!
Live life again, though life be but a span.
For Oh, what grander glory hath thy worth
When thou art called nor Christ, nor Lord, but Man!

v.

There is a grander future for all men,
I seem to breathe it in the very air:
It chants its hymns of glory everywhere,
Its mightiest prophets now are of the pen.
A greater, grander, nobler future; when
In fellowship all men will help to bear
The cross of misery, Brotherhood and care:
And love will rule supreme, but not till then.
So gradually ascending, we shall raise
Our yearning spirits to a glorious height;
Having affinity with God, or kin
To Godship, or that beautiful Power which sways
In universal Law and love within
The vastness of the regions infinite.

VI.

Man seems ascending an eternal scale.

Myriad of constellated stars and suns,

Symbol of mightier or almighty ones,

Ye planets of infinity, All hail!

Speak, shall man's faith in such transcendence fail?

The everlasting element that runs

Through all creation shall not long esconce

Its glorious secret. Wisdom must prevail.

The pinnacle supernal shall be reached,

And man's immortal spirit yearning still

For what no mystical religion preached

Shall know no law but Love's divinest will.

This is the evolution of the soul

Toward perfection, to a perfect whole!

VII.

Dante, six centuries have passed since first

The everlasting splendor of thy Song

Widening men's visions, showed them the foul throng

Within the fiery deeps of hell immersed.

Because no spirit of Truth their souls had nursed.

But rather spurned the Right, and worshipped wrong.

Till Christ again might ask, O God, how long

Shall men not love the better but the worst?

Men have not changed since, O thou Paraclete

Of art and Poesy. Men are much the same.

Some have but given Life another name—

The laughing Punchinellos of the street—

Forgetful of the roaring fire and heat

These worship still the idols men defame.

VIII.

It is the cause, my soul, it is the cause!
When men would stain again the stripes and stars,
When race with race and hatred with hatred jars,
Is it not time, I ask all men, to pause?
Our spirit of Nationality, our laws.
Equal men's rights with emperors, kings, and czars;
And shall we ope again the healing scars
Of civil factions and of civil wars?
O shame on this inhuman and intense
Spirit of hatred and brutality!
Which million common men of common sense
Persist in calling triviality.
Where is the glory of our eloquence?
Where is our Freedom, our equality?

IX.

How many men Life's aftermath do pawn
For temporary baubles, tinsel gauds.
These follow Pleasure's retinue, her bawds;
See not the poisoned fangs she hath withdrawn.
O for what end, for revels on a lawn?
For those voluptuous luxuries she affords?
Rather the death that mocks the fools she lauds,
Rather a night in hell than such a dawn,
Rather ambition starved, and hope destroyed,
Rather the breaking heart, the spirit mute,
Though consecrate to art's divine desire
Shrined in a fame immortal; than be eloyed
By sensuous caresses that pollute.
The crown of snow, before the crown of fire.

X.

Men, Life points upward to some higher slope,
Where God alone can crown the soul's success.
When ye would moan, be Christ-like and repress:
When ye despair, unveil the star of hope.
Even the fiends of hell our souls may cope, . . .
Making divine endurance strive no less
When fierce temptations hold her in their stress:
To reach the dawn we through the dark must grope.
So symbol guiding symbol what succeeds
Is everlasting to the spirit meant
To be a vast and ultimate event
In God's divine creation. He who heeds,
Believes, performs, attains these glorious deeds,
Knows God, and is in Him supremely blest.

XI.

The purpose of Creation is unknown
In giving life amidst those vaster spheres
To mother Earth. The legacy of years
Is still the Ten Commandments carved in stone.
Are these the purposes of life alone:
To laugh our little laugh, to weep our tears,
To worship and to lose what Love endears,
To endure suffering, sinning to atone?
We thrill our spirit with intensest awe
And adoration, as we vainly scan
The mystery and the beauty of the plan.
But I, as in a vision felt and saw
That Nature must fulfill God's grander law.
The pure Humanity of Christ in man!

XII.

All heights eternal can our spirits reach
Through abnegation. Be divinely trod.
The elements spiritual of God
Are ours to know, to fathom, and to teach.
But not with thoughts like sea-shells on the beach,
Nor hopes like fleeting flowers of the sod;
The miracle is not within the rod,
But in the faith for which we should beseech.
What was, what is, and that which is to be,
Our souls can realize in all their vast
Splendor, perfection, Love, Law, mystery.
Can make our future grander than our Past,
If blending with divine Humanity,
Our Faith be like a mountain firm and fast!

XIII.

As some Orestes wearied on his way
From rushing madly on from place to place
That fain would rest himself a little space,
But fierce Eumenides forbid him stay:
Even so I deem this world of ours to-day,
That reckless of its loss of Hope and Grace
Is like some fleeting fawn fierce hounds do chase,
Who knows if she doth rest those hounds will slay.
We are pursued upon our path of life
By multitudinous hoarded fiends of grief:
We fear their burning eyes, their gleaming fangs.
All would be forward in this fearful strife,
We tread to death all faith and all belief;
While by a thread Fate's sword above us hangs.

XIV

Yet there are glorious undersongs of Hope
That swell to vaster litanies of Peace
Pervading life. That nevermore can cease.
Lips not in vain shall pray, hands blindly grope.
To climb God's everlasting hills that slope.
The harvest of eternal years increase:
How many dwell in gloom! Yet even these
Shall know how deep is faith, how wide its scope.
All spirits unto whom life rendereth
The breath of God, His glory shall proclaim;
His Wisdom shall perceive, His will assure;
Until before the silent shrine of death
We feel and know that such is but in name,
Else Life eternal, Love divine and pure.

XV

Infinite agony, infinite despair,
Are chained with Life to Time's eternal crags.
And each day everlasting that drags
The sun's resplendent chariot through the air,
Awhile reposes in its journey there.
And on each fearful rock that forward jags
Describes the Furies, demoniac hags,
Surrounding Life with snaky, hissing hair.
Not Vulcan those eternal links did forge.
Beneath whose weight the giant groans supine:
Suffering most fearful agony and pain.
Nor Zeus dispatched the vulture brood that gorge
Upon his entrails. Oh, what Powers that reign
Are these of man deemed merciful, divine!

XVI

Lo, thus he stands before him, Jesus Christ,
Unalterably calm. Upon his brow
Eternal glory; As if saying, "Now,
O man thy vengeance shall be here sufficed."
Around him like a band of fiends enticed,
From infamy's sad depths, cringe, curse, and bow
Slaves, proselytes, and ministers. O how
Serving their God through his Evangelist.
Then judge him well, O Pilate, judge him well!
This one who stands before thee not to crave
Mercy with lips that ever mercy gave;
But to pluck life from death, and sin from hell.
Yea, judge him well, O Pilate, thou the slave,
And he the saint incomprehensible!

XVII.

There are two Powers that sway the world of man,
Both are but symbols of Despair and Hope:
Both guiding o'er illimitable scope
Our restless spirit's journeying caravan.
One seems an angel, crowned with Truth, yet wan;
The other, undistinguishable in form,
Dark, mighty, terrible, fearful as a storm.
One glorious day, the other night's black span.
O thou from shapeless elemental stone
Sculpturing forms of beauty: Thou, whose skill
Makes art on canvass seemed imbued with breath,
Thus circling Art with Beauty's brightest zone:
Here exercise thy genius and thy will,
And typify these Powers which are Life, Death!.

XVIII.

A traveller journeying in Alaska's land
Has seen a glorious City, mighty, vast,
Amidst its pinnacled glaciers. Ice has cast
Its everlasting mantle o'er it; and
The remnants of the grandeur on each hand
Of this mysterious City of the Past
Still visible, show minarets reared to last,
Temples and palaces sublime and grand.
What men, O what colossal men were these
Whose monoliths gigantic yet exult
Over those arctic regions; vast, occult?
What Gods, but treacherous Gods, did they appease,
With incense and with prayer, that now even these
Have left their shrines thus mutilated, mulct.

XIX.

'Tis night, and on the margin of the sea
I stand; and hear the sullen booming roar
Of foaming billows on the rocks and shore.
There, through the dusk, yon mountains seem to be
Gods, carved like statues by eternity,
In synod, like the giant-gods of yore.
Above, the stars, O God! forevermore,
Forevermore, but doubt and mystery.
With many paths of pleasure yet untrod,
With aspirations vast, a vaster goal,
With meditations deep upon the soul,
Yet do I see that we are but of sod;
Only divinity create is God.
How can the particle become the Whole?

XX.

This littleness of life I fain would spurn
Did I not tremble at the thought of death.
The swift suppression of the spirits breath
Would be the end of that for which I yearn,
To win and wear sweet Poesy's glorious wreath:
At thoughts of which I feel my bosom burn,
And my hushed spirit scarcely dares to breathe,
Like incense fuming in some brazen urn.
Thus hope deluded, onward I pursue
Life's weary journey, reckless of despair.
Since master of his fate, a man should dare.
And like a goaded steed, I onward, too.
Haste, so to mingle with the Poets few
On Life's eternal and vast thoroughfare.

XXI.

Could I but double my still young career,
And thus cheat Death of life another score
In adoration for the Muses' lore,
Willingly would I then surrender here
All Life's results of sorrow and of fear;
While the winged soul which gave me life before
Sped wheresoever destined evermore,
Another spirit seeking for its sphere.
O men forgive me that I crave for life!
Youth seems not folly thusly to beseech:
When mind and soul and their desires are rife
From Art's eternal Sphinx requesting speech.
Too passionately reckless of such strife;
Yearning so much to know, so much to teach!

XXII.

Terrible dreams at night torment me so!
Last night I saw in vision Vulcan's forge,
Surrounded by a vast and gloomy gorge:
Meanwhile his ponderous hammer, blow on blow,
Thundered upon the anvil knells of woe;
And burning seas of flame around him roared.
And those that ever the hot metal poured
Moved like gigantic shadows to and fro,
Within that fearful gorge, huge cataracts.
Whose everlasting rumble chilled my soul,
Went plunging onward to some depthless goal
Through vast deserted and enormous tracts.
While giant mountains circling the whole,
Seemed climbing heaven on each other's backs.

XXIII

This dream of night did give me most despair.
I saw a little circle overhead
Which swiftly to another circle spread,
And this was followed by another there.
And then another, ere I was aware,
Succeeded that, but larger still instead:
Circle increased to circle, flaming red;
Circle to circles, circles everywhere.
The larger kept succeeding to the small,
Although the smaller ones remained to feed
The larger. Then I seemed to hear one call,
And I arose: and little taking heed,
Through all those circles did I seem to fall;
Fall, fall forever, with terrific speed!

XXIV.

How oft my thoughts are like the stars that pale
Before the glory of the morning sun.
So much to do; so much, alas! undone;
My spirit ever wearily doth bewail.
Yet fragrance of Hope's blossoms I exale,
Spend nights in dreaming of Fame's laurels won,
As if life's everlasting race were run,
And I were crowned, and men had cried, All Hail!
Ah, better to pursue than to perform,
If to perform would cease the fierce desire
That haunts the soul still seeking regions higher.
The pinnacle surrounded by the storm:
Better the crags of snow 'midst flakes of fire,
Than the sweet South so dreamy and so warm.

XXV

Italia, O Italia! if I be
Far from thy clime, and dwell in other lands,
And break the bread of Christ with alien hands,
And boast myself as one among the free,
In vassalage to glorious liberty;
Since never here tyrannic rule demands
Lowly subjection, nor with chains and brands
Binds Freedom's spirit of eternity;
Yet do I dream of thy memorial shore
Which girds thee as a zone some virgin bride
Beloved by some fair Grecian youth of yore;
And my heart flows unto thee as the tide.
Though thou art not, nor will be evermore
As beautiful as when Song with Art allied.

Abelard

to

Heloise.



To
J. E. H.

*The Soul-Star of these Pages, do I dedicate the songs
that follow.*



PROLOGUE.

Perchance these fleeting songs of mine will linger
Awhile within thy heart,
Who brought unto the spirit of the singer
His sweetest dreams of Art.

Who made his spirits aspirations firmer
Through love that shall not die;
Though all the world, amidst its dim and murmur,
Should coldly pass him by.

Ah, bitter seems the world to one outpouring
His songs of faith and Hope;
Whose winged imagination would be soaring
Toward some vaster scope.

The world seems cruel to a soul that chooses
The poet's Art divine;
Who enters in the temple of the Muses
To worship at their shrine.

Until not many grandly dare to follow
The coursers of the Sun;
An acolyte of beautiful Apollo,
Whose race is never run!

He only sees the wonder of existence,
Whose worship makes appear
More beautiful the rainbows in the distance
Through all their glory here.

Who sings his songs for men, for men life's burdens
Who ever bore and bare:
Craving of them no laurels and no guerdons
Their sorrows cannot share.

Who ever hears beyond him softly calling
The spirit of the years;
Like petals of the purest blossoms falling,
Drenched in sweet dew like tears.

Greetings divine, a message full of gladness
He sings to every soul;
That quietly dispell the clouds of sadness
Vast Nature's aureole.

Voices that come from forth the azure's vastness
So beautiful beyond;
'Till every spirit from its somber fastness
All joyous doth respond.

And yet few ages of the ages listened
To hear their poet speak.
I dream of one men crucified, then christened
As holy pure and meek.

A living well-of joy, a glorious fountain,
To them he scarcely seemed;
Who bore himself Life's cross up to the mountain
Faith since hath sacred deemed,

So through the living centuries and ages,
The poet and the seer
Still seek Christ's meaning in Life's mystic pages,
His answer glad and clear.

And though their spirits under Sorrow's portal
Have ever sadly passed.

These see that what makes life alone immortal
Is love divine at last.

Preaching to men that all life's griefs and burdens,
Its anguish and its strife,
Shall reap in this the glory and the guerdons
Of perfect Peace in life.

'Till every soul till then a flower single
Upon a waste of sod.
Through everlasting Love shall come to mingle
In richer faith with God.

And I who came to thee as one whom pardon
Its blessings had denied,
Who long had deemed not mine Love's fragrant garden,
Its arbors beautified;

Who lived a life of sorrow, sorrow-laden,
Whose offerings Love had spurned,
Within thy womanhood have found the maiden
For whom my spirit yearned.

As when sweet violets in a forest hidden
Their fragrance still will give
To sinning souls, that seem to be forbidden
By destiny to live;

As when that mystic treasure of the ocean,
A convoluted shell,
Will thrill the spirit into strange emotion
If we but listen well:

As when the saintly Night her stars revealing
Makes life divine the more,
And purely soothes the spirits sadly kneeling,
Who wonder and adore;

All this thy love has been to me as mine, dear,
All this has been to me.

A love whose benediction was divine, dear,
As only love can be.

So may these songs of mine be also cherished,
O bright star of my soul!
Until my flowers of life with these have perished,
And shrivelled is the scroll.

THE DAWN.

When standing on the brink that parts
The life of man from that of youth.
I found there was for me no truth,
No love, no joy, no loving hearts
To glad me with their ruth.

O it was bitter thus to be
Alone upon a trackless vast!
Behind me lay a desert Past,
Before me chill Futurity;
My journey's end at last.

And if I christened Hope with tears
It was because the tears would start;
And flowing from an aching heart,
They seemed to blight the winged years
With all their dreams of Art.

Yet recked I not this bitter bane,
The stairs of life are ever steep;
And many men are forced to keep
Their soul within the casket Pain,
Like pearls within the deep.

Still, often would my lips bewail,
 And almost moan, and sob, and curse,
 Alone within the Universe,
 What fearfuller grief, what bitterer tale
 Could mortal tongue rehearse?

I stood upon the brink of death
 And could not see the Light before;
 And would not deem that life was more
 Than what it seemed, a fleeting breath
 To waft me to Death's shore.

All attributes which life may give
 Seemed dust and ashes in my soul
 All aspirations vast, the goal
 For which alone I cared to live,
 Brought only dole on dole.

No mighty scope of Art began;
 Apollo wantoned in the field;
 Song kept her sacred lyre concealed:
 And the divinity in man
 No faith as yet revealed.

If from the memory of Hope,
 If from remembrance of Delight,
 Life seemed to see beyond the night,
 Quickly her sorrows (for her scope
 Of glory) marred her sight.

I prayed for one to love alone
 Beside the God I could not see;
 And God my prayer has answered me.
 The miracle of bread from stone
 Is realized in thee

And all that is most pure and sweet,
 And all that is most sweet and pure,

Love gave me; to make me secure
In faith, by learning at thy feet
To sorrow and endure.

So came my guerdon. And to-day,
The laughing, joyous, buoyant hours,
Weave dewy coronals of flowers;
Fillets and garlands, posies gay,
From plenitude of bowers

So came my glory. And to-night,
My spirit radiant, blessed and crowned,
Blends with thy Love above, around;
Splendor on splendor, height on height,
Of bliss, divine, profound!

THY LOVE.

I find that thy love has become to me now
Like luminous raptures of sky and of sea;
A wreath of pure roses to circle my brow,
A garland of glory to me,

A treasure to cherish, a pearl to enshrine,
A dream of existence in regions afar;
The song of a lark in its singing divine,
The splendor and flame of a star.

A dream to enkindle, a bliss to inspire,
A beautiful lily as pure as the snows;
An angel that comes with the eyes of desire,
With bloom of the coral and rose.

A violet sweetened by odors of Spring,
The murmur of rivers that flow to the sea;

All joys that this life to our spirit may bring
Thy love hath now brought unto me.

THE SHINING STAR.

Shall not goodness such as thine find in Heaven its reward?
Shall not Peace and Love divine come to thee from Christ the Lord?
Shall not all the blessing pour on thy head like balm and oil.
From the Saviour you adore, for whose sake you ever toil?
He who healed the sick shall He not heal thee in this thy need,
So that health and strength shall be in thy soul His might indeed?
Shall not thou who long hast seen all the glory of His face,
Tread the pleasant paths of green, quaff from founts divine of grace.
Shall not all life's burdens fall at thy feet before His cross?
He who giveth unto all shining jewels for their dross.
Who has tended to His poor, to the weakest of His flock?
Learnt through sorrows to endure, stood in suffering a rock?
Taught His children to do good, following His perfect will;
Angel in her womanhood, woman in her nature still?
Day by day renewing toil, every moment blessing earth,
And to sorrow and turmoil bringing message of His birth?
Is it not thy perfect heart purified from every taint

That has striven thus apart? Shall not thou be crowned
a saint?
What is life that we should live under Passion's base
control
When such grand ideals give splendor unto every soul?
What is man that he should dare to despise the Lord of
all;
Scorn to bend his knees in prayer dreading unto Him to
call?
Building shrines forsaken long by the gods which pass
away,
While the ages sing their song for the Love of God to-day?
Let the penitent beseech, let the miserable cheer,
Lives like thine alone can teach how to God our soul is
near.
Let the proud become the meek; and the false become
the true,
Faith like thine alone can speak what belief in God can
do!

SOUL-BETHROTHAL

Spirit from spirits singled,
Spirit with mine commingled,
 Thrilled with divinest grace;
Be unto me forever
A star to my endeavor,
 A seraph in form and face.

And Life's and joy's completeness
Shall bless the soul with sweetness,
 As blossoms give perfume.
And love shall linger purely,
And be to spirit surely
 A beauty and a bloom.

Spirit of pure believing,
Be to my spirit cleaving,
A benison and bride.
Till death if so be fated
Have sundered and separated
Our spirits purified.

BENEDICTION.

Ah, when I lean upon thy breast,
And feel no more the need of rest,
How much I feel that I am blest!

And when I press my lips to thine,
How truly bliss then makes divine
The lips Love presses unto mine.

Ah, Love is more than some suppose,
As gentle nature never shows
The hidden fragrance of the rose.

So Love forever purifies
The spirit by those blessed ties
Which God fulfills in Paradise.

VESPER-BELLS.

O it was better far to shield
Our hearts from every joy,
Than ever for a moment yield
To pleasures that but cloy!

Tis better to restrain the mind
From wanton waywardness,

Than afterward to sadly find
Love's purest pleasures less.

"Tis better to be calm and pure
Not passionate, but chill,
Than ever let desires secure
Possession of our will

Sedate, serene in every way;
Through unison of heart,
Than suffer at some coming day
Remorse's stinging dart.

And we shall find this holier troth
Between thy soul and mine,
Can give its crown of bliss to both
Not earthly but divine!

A QUESTION.

If art were a lily,
And love were a rose,
And one were Life's guerdon,
God's grace now, suppose:
Which would you choose, dear,
To nurture and cherish?
Which give to the muse, dear,
Which blossom to perish?

The lily whose duty
Has made it divine?
The rose whose rich beauty
Is worthy a shrine?
The lily or rose, dear,
Divine love, or Art?

Which do you suppose, dear,
I keep in my heart?

LIFE'S MISSION.

I must fulfill the mission
Of all my soul for song;
For Life is but transition,
But Art divine and long.
And when the heart is quiet
And throbs not as of yore,
The years—though passing by it—
Disturb it nevermore.

And I—what shall I do then
When I am with the dead?
Be thrilled with joy, or rue then
The life I live instead?
No, no, forlorn, forsaken,
Despised, alone, apart;
My spirit shall awaken
To vaster dreams of Art.

Then all I now surrender
Shall multiply its worth;
The glory and the splendor,
The loveliness of earth.
O Heloise, let me make then
This life here Art, not love,
And hope what I forsake then,
God may reward above.



THE INTERVAL.

We shall not part come weal, come woe,
No sorrow now can break the bond
Which doth unite us here below.
Whatever life may bring beyond.

We will not part, although the past
May tell us of a sadder life.
For we will reach the goal at last,
Sweet spirit of my spirit wife!

O perfect soul of womanhood,
So blissfully aware of truth!
Redeem me to a life of good,
Be thou the angel of my youth.

That we may live and love and make
Our life a life of perfect cheer;
And never discord come to break
The music of our atmosphere.

And yet remember Duty too,
And reverence the powers that be,
And learn to suffer and to do
In love of Christ's humanity.

SHADOWS.

To sigh as if regretful,
To speak as if forgetful,
Whilst our glad hearts are yet full
Of blisses newly born,

Can this be right, O dearest?
Since Love has brought us nearest,
And Life itself appearest
Aurora or the morn?

Nor toil nor strength of sinew
Can sanctify within you
The sinning soul, nor win you
The peace by heaven crowned.
It is through fierce temptations,
Through many tribulations,
Through saddest resignations
That Christ alone is found.

O then retain the token
Of perfect faith unbroken,
Till joy fulfilled hath spoken
Its blissful troth divine.
Nor amaranth nor moly
Can dim remembrance wholly,
While Love is leading slowly
My soul to blend with thine.

SONG.

When the flowers their petals begin to unfold,
When the sun makes the dew-drops to glisten like gold,
O then think of me, O then think of me,
Whose love for thee ever my soul gladly told.

When the sweet intense song of the bright birds are
borne
Over all the delicious dim meadows of morn,
O then think of me, O then think of me,
Whose spirit without thy pure love were forlorn.

When at night thou art kneeling and tenderly pray,
And craving God's mercy and grace for the day,

O then think of me, O then think of me,
In the pure benediction thy spirit doth say.

And when soothingly calm come the angels of sleep
And lull thee to slumber, though soft yet not deep,

O then dream of me, O then dream of me,
Whose heart in its blissfulness almost could weep.

HELOISE.

Do you love me, Heloise?

Do you love me well?

Love me more than tongue can utter,

More than lips can tell?

'Till through nights that soothe or sadden,

As the moments flee,

Thoughts of love that almost madden

Thrill your soul for me.

Do you love me truly?

Truly, wholly, sweet?

Dreaming life would be without me

Void and incomplete.

'Till you prayed what gives us birth here

Would release its bond;

Painlessly surrender earth here,

For the life beyond.

For this is how I love thee,

My Heloise, my own.

Making the heavens above thee

A temple for thee alone.

Making the buds and blossoms,

All beautiful things which I see

Only a dream or a vision,
A fragrant remembrance of thee.

For this is how I love thee
Sweet Heloise of my soul;
Knowing no future beyond thee,
No splendor, no garland, no goal
Only the songs and the gladness,
The thrilling desire to be
Blended forever and ever,
Forever and ever with thee!

KARMA.

O lift me Heloise, to thy height
In perfect essence of delight;
In unity of spirit pure,
In blissful joys that shall endure,
In benedictions of the soul,
In days beyond this life's control.
And in companionship enjoyed
By dear communion unalloyed.
Until our souls are thrilled and blent
With all that may be named content.
'Till faith and consecration sweet
Will bind our spirits when we meet.
And birds shall sing and blossoms grow
The blissful life which we shall know;
And not a moment shall depart
Unmemorized in mind and heart.
Until we know what life can give
To wedded souls that purely live.
To mingling spirits such as ours,
Like mingling scents of budding flowers.
Until within our souls have birth
The ecstacy of love on earth.

And pass along in meadows green
To lives divine and lives serene.
For we have found how life can bless
The soul with perfect happiness;
Our spirit feels and understands
The troth of lips and hearts and hands.
And O beloved one! unto me
This guerdon shall betrothal be
Of sweetest joy with sweetest peace.
And in Love's beautiful increase
The hours shall give their blessings pure
To make forevermore endure
The gift divine which Hymen brings,
The perfect life the poet sings.
Till stars, and flowers, and seas, and skies,
Which are the spirit's Paradise,
Attune such harmonies divine.
As thrilled of old Apollo's shrine.
Nor days nor years surrender all,
To spirits hearing seraphs call
Across the vast blue depths of space
That still surround the throne of grace,
So being twain as now we are
May herald to the furthest star
Life's gleams of glory, which forecast
To perfect souls reward at last.
In premonitions sweet benign.
Sanctioning with blissfulness divine
The union of our spirits bond
In other regions far beyond.

MORNING.

If Love itself regret.
And memory forget,
And joy her radiant features veil from sight,

What strength had we to climb
The rugged hills of Time
To pinnacles of everlasting Light.
But love supreme endures,
And memory secures;
And joy is still attendant at their shrine.
And these give strength to bear
Life's burdens of despair,
Until we gain the life that is divine.

SONG.

Love still keeps singing
Its sweet songs of old;
Hope still is bring
Its garlands of gold:
And all that we cherish
Can nevermore perish
"Till Life's self be cold.

Love makes life's burdens
A dream of delight;
Hope gives us guerdons
By day and by night:
And when old Time slumbers
'Tis pleasure that numbers
The winged hours in flight.

Like time, Life is fleeter
Unmated with pain:
Like love life is sweeter
If blessings it gain
Of eyes it can sing to,
Of lips it can cling to,
Whose tokens remain.

So love keeps fulfilling
Its visions of bliss;
Keeps throbbing and thrilling
All spirits like this.
For love is God's glory,
And Life is its story,
And joy is its kiss.

SONG.

When the morning is adorning
All the flowers with pearls of dew,
And the winging birds are singing
In the sunny skies of blue,
And the daytime sweet as maytime
Thrds the fragrant forest through,
I keep thinking, gladly thinking,
Ever thinking, dear, of you!

When sweet slumber doth encumber
Eyes that droop so wearily,
When the thrilling stars are filling
All the night with mystery,
And each billow forms a pillow
For the sirens of the sea,
I keep thinking, sweetly thinking,
Ever thinking, dear, of thee.

A DAY IN JUNE.

We too have known a day in June
Such as the poets rave of,
A day alone in blissful swoon
Through all the joy it gave, love.

Birds, flowers, brooks, and hidden nooks,
Where scarce the sun was shining,
And gentle walks and blissful talks,
Our spirits thoughts enshrining.

We too have viewed the moments pass
On swift and silken pinions;
Have seen the lustre of the grass
The forest's cool dominions.

Have known the bliss of days like this
Where Nature rules supernal;
And still revealed and purely sealed
Our lips with troths eternal.

We plucked the daisies of the field
That bloomed amidst the heather,
And knew the joy that Love can yield
Because we were together.

The earth was glad, the skies were clear,
And beautiful and sunny;
The birds were chanting sweetly near
Their melodies like honey.

Ah, how that day makes glad my heart
Through memory's sweet retracing;
Although too soon we had to part
And sunder sweet embracing.

Too soon beheld his splendors change
And all his glory hidden;
That common life might not seem strange
Because of dreams forbidden.

O may the years that come and go,
Rejoicing and yet ruing,

Forever, dearest, let us know
That blissful day's renewing.

So all the days that life may give,
However briefly measured,
May yet fulfill the dreams we live,
The visions we have treasured.

Then days of June that pass so soon
Shall win our holiest graces;
And lips shall give to lips the boon
Of passionate embraces

Then shall we roam again the field
For daisies midst the heather;
And know the bliss that love can yield
Because we are together.

GUERDONS.

It seems to me the only dower
That life can give the present hour
Is in the beauty of the flower,
Is in the sweet song of the birds,
Is in the splendor of the day,
And in the holy thoughts that sway
My heart and soul with blissful words
When dreaming, love, of thee.

And this is Life's reward, its peace.
That comes as years of life increase,
Though life were nevermore to cease.
For love the spirit can uplift
Into a paradise of bliss.
And sweet to me has been his gift.
Since I have found beloved in this
How dear thou art to me.

SONG.

I am always thinking of thee
Heloise, Heloise!
I shall never cease to love thee
Heloise, Heloise!
And my heart keeps throbbing faintly
As I see thy presence saintly
Heloise.

For thy cheeks are like the roses
Heloise, Heloise!
As the bloom which morn discloses
Heloise, Heloise!
As a rosebud of the south is,
So a sweet rosebud thy mouth is,
Heloise.

Sweet thy voice is as the dove's is
Heloise, Heloise!
Beautiful thy face as Love's is
Heloise, Heloise:
And thy eyes as pure and bright are
As the stars which crown the night are,
Heloise.

Let me kiss thy perfumed tresses
Heloise, Heloise:
Let me feel thy warm caresses
Heloise, Heloise,
Let me kneel thy priest before thee,
Let me live but to adore thee,
Heloise.

What is life if Love it gains not,
Heloise, Heloise?
Heaven above if Love remains not,
Heloise, Heloise?
But with thee forever mine, dear,
Love would make both lives divine, dear,
Heloise.

LAST MONTH OF THE YEAR.

Sweet, to-day when we had parted;
After I had gone away
Deep in thought, yet happy hearted,
I did feel the need to pray.
So while homeward wending slowly
I gave thanks to God above,
Who had blessed my spirit wholly
With a woman worthy love.

I remembered how beside me
Thou hadst been two hours long;
How thy presence purified me,
'Till my soul was filled with song.
How when hands were hands caressing,
How when cheek was close to cheek;
I had felt this thrilling blessing,
Though my spirit could not speak.

Ah, the joy which thou hast brought me
Words alone cannot express;
It shall strengthen and support me
Through all years of wretchedness.
Shall dispel the gloom of sadness.
Shall illume the soul of pain;
It shall turn all grief to gladness,
Turn Life's bitter loss to gain.

Has not God been good to us, dear,
Who has brought us side by side?
Who has filled our spirits thus, dear,
With Love's passions purified?
Years may go and years may linger,
But this love, so deep and pure,
In the spirit of the singer
Shall forevermore endure.

All the days now onward speeding
With the burdens they must bear,
Pass away from me unheeding,
For in love can be no care.
Death can hold for me no terrors,
Sorrow keep for me no gloom;
To delude my soul with errors
While my soul is thus in bloom.

Ah, that Love should thus discover
All the glory of his face!
'Till the poet and the lover
Found his guerdon in its grace.
Many years had I been yearning,
Ever sought and never found;
Now my Hopes have known returning,
And my soul at last is crowned.

It was worthy the restraining
Of these lingering months gone by
Thus to reap such joys remaining
In this life for thee and I.
Worth the days that I have sorrowed,
Worth the sorrows I have known;
Since the love I would have borrowed
Now I find is mine alone.

Let that Love then be unto me
As a star to those that roam;

Let its blissful joys renew me
As pure dews from yonder dome;
Let it soothe life's sad repining,
Bless the burning brow of care;
As the stars serenely shining
Fill with peace and light the air.

Hushed the roaring of the surges
That denoted earthly life;
And beyond its mystic verges
Shines the everlasting life.
Shines the beautiful, supernal
Glory of the Love supreme;
In the Life which is eternal,
While this life is but a dream.

Lo, the clouds are disappearing,
Radiant dawn I see arise;
And my yearning soul is nearing,
Like a saint its Paradise.
Let my spirit so ascend, dear,
From the valleys of the Past;
'Till we mingle and we blend, dear,
One with God in Love at last.

AT THE SHRINE.

I have entered from out of the darkness
Into the light;
I have left far behind me the shadows
And sorrows of night;
I have known all the gloom and the bleakness
Of days that destroy,
But my spirit now enters with meekness
Love's temple of joy!

O sweet, thou hast brought me the guerdon
Which crowns me to-day!
Thou hast lightened my soul of its burden,
And shown me the way.
Thou hast strengthened my soul when it fainted
'Till it learnt to abide;
Thou hast been to me holy and sainted,
A beautiful guide.

Thou hast shown me the need of forbearing
All tears of despair;
Till my spirit is silently wearing
Its flesh robes of care.
Then hast banished from it the deep sadness
With which it was filled,
Till now with unspeakable gladness
'Tis blissfully thrilled.

Thou hast been to my soul the evangel
And missal of love;
Thou hast come like a sweet benediction
Of joy from above.
And my spirit till now sternly moulded
By sorrow and grief.
Its petals of joy has unfolded
Leaf by leaf.

All hopes crowning youth sweetly cherished
Bloomed once but to fade;
Like the blossoms of Springs that have perished,
Or of Summers decayed.
Till I found there was bliss to inherit,
Rich joy yet to gain,
In the light and the love of thy spirit
Free from stain.

Can the fragrance of flowers be hidden
Which they give?

Can the love of my soul be forbidden?
Let it live,
Then these songs and the words I have spoken
Hereafter shall be
A garland unfading, a token
Of pure love for thee.

WHAT LOVE HAS TAUGHT,

What Love has taught me, even these,
My soul would make thee, Heloise.

A morning lark that soars and sings,
Shaking the dew-drops from its wings.

A lily like a saint asleep,
With brow so white, with orbs so deep.

A sparkling rill that ever flows,
Murmuring music as it goes.

A glorious sunset in the skies,
Revealing Love its Paradise.

A goddess fair who dwells in calm
Upon an island rich with balm.

A shrine to kneel to and to pray
Our sorrows and our griefs away,

A night of stars serene and pure,
Teaching our spirits to endure.

A song of joy so glad and sweet,
That it has made my life complete.

What Love has taught me, even these,
My soul has made thee, Heloise.

AURORA.

This morn I saw Aurora rise
In beauteous splendor from the East,
Filling with loveliness the skies;
And intermingling orange-dyes
With the crimsoning horizon,
Where the resplendent sun
His daily pilgrimage had gloriously begun.

I thought then of those fields of green
Where we had seen the daisies grow,
And saw again the brook between
Flow onward limpidly serene:
Whilst we did gladly press
Our hands in mute caress,
And Love was all to us, as Love cannot be less.

Again I heard the sweet birds sing
Hidden amidst the forest-trees;
The beauty and the bloom of Spring,
And all the joys which June can bring,
My spirit thrilled again
With rapture sweet as when
We only thought of Love, for Love was with us then.

Again the glory of the day
Brings all that peace and bliss to me;
And so I send this song away,
Knowing it will not go astray,
But seek the holy shrine
Where lips that clung to mine
Most blissfully intone sweet litanies divine.

SPRING.

Spring makes me feel that man was born
For something better than to mourn,
For something nobler still than scorn.

As snakes discard their spotted skin,
So do I feel as if within
My soul discarded earthly sin.

And breaking from its crysalis,
It issued into realms of bliss
Through other realms that circle this.

Nay, yet through other realms than these,
Where God divine all bondage frees,
And Love is all, sweet Heloise!

ROSE—LEAVES.

Thine is a love which purifies
The beauteous soul wherein it dwells;
And makes it glad as Summer skies,
And sweet as fragrant immortelles.

If Love itself perpetuates
When perfect, holy, pure, and sweet,
Then we shall meet beyond the gates.
And God will crown us when we meet.

A look can draw me to thy side,
A kiss from thee make me divine;

I only know that I am thine,
As is the bridegroom to the bride.

I have had many dreams, but this one seems
To be to me Love's holiest dream of dreams.

'Till the golden bowl is broken,
'Till the silver cord is loosed,
Shall thy love to mine be token
Of God's rapture interfused.

In thy soul my benediction
All its blisses shedding down;
In thy faith my life's conviction,
In thy perfect love my crown.

Shall the blossom lose its bloom?
Shall the day dispel delight?
Shall the morning not resume
All the blisses of the night?

It is no soft and silken ties
Can bind our souls to Paradise;
But a bondage formed of Faith and Will,
Which Love shall keep eternal still

If dew in blossoms, pearls in shells,
If precious things in store like this
Reveal the Maker whence he dwells,
How much of God reveals a kiss!

It seems to me I have but dreamed
To think that joy was not for me,
Since I have found my life redeemed
And filled with purest joy by thee.

This is the crown of my felicity,
That wheresover thou or I may be

One pure mysterious tie will bind us still:
Making united body, soul, and will.

And as a star seems like a flower of flame,
With all the tremulous lustre of the same,
So art thou, Heloise, by day and night
A flower of joy to me, a star to my delight.

Last night my spirit thrilled with deep,
Intense desire that I could lay
Upon thy bosom soft and sleep,
Ah, sleep the fierce desire away.

And yet awaken with the touch
Of thy warm lips upon my own:
And feel how much, at last, how much,
We to each other are alone!

O let me go with thee to rest
Some balmy night!
And lay my head upon thy breast,
So pure and white,
Until I gently fall asleep,
Whilst like an angel thou wouldest keep
Thy watch above me,
And knowing that my heart would feel
What only looks and sighs reveal
How thou dost love me.
Perchance it may not be, yet say
That once it may.

Forever and forever thou shalt be
My heart's desire, my soul's idolatry!

O, Love, Love, Love,
With pinions of the butterfly and dove,
Wing not away, but rather stay and rest,

And flutter thy bright wings above her breast:
That she may come to feel
Thy passions, and reveal
The burning thoughts that cannot be repressed:
And make me blessed. O Love,
And make me blessed!

When night has charmed the flowers to sleep,
Because her flowers the stars then bloom,
Sweet thoughts of thee, so pure and deep,
Then fill my spirit with perfume.

When day arises like a god
Who shrine is in a golden blue,
My love is like a spirit rod
Whose power can all such dreams renew.

I live to cherish every hour,
As one who seeks a shrine apart,
The rosy petals of the flower
That sheds its fragrance in my heart.

Life's pathway of roses
Had never been mine,
To whom Joy discloses
Its blossoms divine,

The years that came laden
With garlands so sweet,
Had never, O maiden,
Cast one at my feet.

I waft my repentance
In prayers above,
Be thine the sentence,
But be mine the love!

I pressed my lips upon thy cheek:
 It would have thrilled thee to reveal
 The blissful thoughts I could not speak,
 The all of bliss I could but feel.

In all ages, say the sages,
 Hearts have united and lips have met;
 And that which delighted, delights us yet.

He seeth not what he forsakes
 Whose soul no love's pure gladness knows;
 Who never once his spirit makes
 To blossom like a virgin rose.

Who ever seems to be denied
 Of that deep joy which Love can bring;
 Adorning spirit like a bride,
 And bringing bliss to suffering.

Who never once has knelt apart
 To breathe, as incense from a shrine,
 The fragrance of a woman's heart,
 As I have thine, as I have thine!

When Love who fills the soul with sweetest bliss
 Demands the sacrifice of fleeting hours,
 O then bid Time farewell with but a kiss,
 And stay with Love forever midst the flowers.

We all are slaves to Passion's will,
 Some more than others some the less.
 We cannot conquer that which still
 Degrades us into wretchedness.
 Can Passion pluck Love's virgin fruit
 With hands and heart and soul pollute?

How soothing is the rain!
 I love to hear it pour

With almost rush and roar
 Against my window-pane.
 Or to hear it in the street
 Like quick pattering of feet,
 Or a drum's faint battle-beat
 When the battle is no more.
 And it sounds to me to-night
 Like the voice of rich delight
 Of the one whom I adore.

Though many years pass, O be sure, love,
 I'll remember thee yet:
 And our love shall forever endure, love,
 Without pain or regret:
 For our love for each other is pure, love,
 Can our souls then forget?

And the years that shall gently decline, love,
 By some beautiful power
 Shall unite us in spirit divine, love,
 As fragrance and flower:
 'Till together we kneel at the shrine, love,
 When Christ calls the hour.

O Love, eternal and divine
 Effulgence! splendor of the whole
 Immortal glory of the soul:
 Is not all life a gift of thine?

And if our essence truly speaks,
 Eternal joy, eternal youth;
 Eternal life, eternal truth.
 Is what in thee our spirit seeks.

Yonder the morning star, so pure, so calm,
 So very beautiful in mystery:
 With lustre redolent, an isle of balm,
 And cinctured by an untumultuous sea,

So beautiful, so luminous, yon orb
With glory Eden's loveliness first filled;
Ere Dawn its perfect radiance did exorb,
And air with song and earth with gladness thrilled.

Before Heaven's portal, like an angel white,
With pure lips parted by a virgin vow,
It shines, a glorious vision of delight;
The sunshine as an aureole round its brow.

Ah, when arise sad thoughts of doubt,
Thy goodness comes to cast them out.

How often do I lie at night awake,
Till weariness my eyes in slumber closes,
And pray, 'God make me pure and holy for her sake,
Whose trust in me so faithfully reposes.

Like a dove on trembling pinions
Winging over earth's dominions
Bearing messages of love:
Is a kiss from lips whose token
Brings its bliss of love unspoken,
As a dream of God above.

As a flower, like a jewel,
Bringing earth a rich renewal
Of the Springs and Summers dead:
Shall remembrance of this gladness
Be to us, when days of sadness
Come to fill our souls instead.

Always weakness, never strength,
Conquers my lone heart at length.

Thy love has been to me a gift
As pure as God's own grace,

That from the dust my soul shall lift
 And all its sins efface.

Erasing from its scorn and pride
 The wounds of many scars,
 And fierce desires that pined and died
 Beneath the sun and stars.

Our love into a flower shall grow,
 And long ago it had been so;
 But then, alas! we did not know,
 We did not know.

Gentle and beautiful I know thou art,
 And pure as fragrant lilies newly born
 That cherish their own innocence apart,
 With radiant dew drops glistening in the morn.

Beloved unto me be thou in truth,
 Beloved as thou art to Him above;
 Beloved in thy perfect grace and youth,
 Beloved unto me be thou, my love.

O Love, canst thou descend so low
 To look upon me by thy side!
 And shall we yet together go
 Where Love eternal doth abide:
 And there reside in bliss, and know
 The holy bridegroom and the bride?

Love me not for what I am.
 But for what I hope to be,
 Then my heart shall surely grow
 Nobler through thy love for me,



SONNETS TO HELOISE.

LOVE'S ETERNITY.

I feel the love which now we consecrate
With glad, intense, sweet unison of soul,
Shall lead us onward to some blissful goal;
And purify and ever elevate
Our yearning hearts above the reach of fate:
Enshrine its treasures holy, and console
Its depth of pain, and bring its aureole
Of joy divine to keep inviolate.
So Life shall be fulfilled between us twain,
With Love's consent: to whom with nightly prayers
Our souls should kneel. Thus sundering earthly bars
Of imminent but unapparent pain.
And slowly climb Life's everlasting stairs
Into the infinite universe of stars.

LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

To-day when in each other's arms embraced,
Gazing into the beauty of thine eyes.
As melting as the blue of Summer skies,
I saw therein a shadow which replaced
Its sparkling brightness, being soon effaced:
And once again I saw Love's gladness rise
And radiantly redeem the Paradise
Which in its lucid lustre there lay traced.
And pondering on that which I had seen
A deep regret my heart then entered in.
For well I knew what that swift look could mean,
And that perchance I strove in vain to win
A heart like thine, so pure and so serene,
That even to love, alas, believes it sin.

PASSING CLOUDS.

'Tis with a spirit joyful yet contrite,
Gladdened yet saddened by the self same power,
The sunshine and the shadow of an hour
Mingled together, as the day and night,
That now I write these lines. And, as I write,
Remembrance of one day's most blessed dower
Blooms in my bosom like a fragrant flower,
A sweet memorial of divine delight.
And yet that day had scarcely onward passed
Ere one leaf of its flower-like fulness fell.
O is this well, my Heloise, is this well!
That when I thought the sky was clear at last,
The shadow by the sunshine ever cast
Should turn to grief such bliss delectable?

MY SPIRIT'S CHOICE.

If I have chosen Love to be my guide
Because I find him perfect in thy breast
Therein do I believe me more than blessed,
And with that blessedness will I abide.
O my beloved one, my spirit's bride!
Thou never yet hast known, hast never guessed,
How all thy love for me so manifest
Has my own sinning spirit purified.
Thou seest not to the deptn of my desire:
The purest waters are not wholly pure,
But I defy temptations that allure
To drag me down again into the mire:
And seeing how above me thou art higher
I yearn for thee, and yearning, I endure.

WITH THE DAISIES.

This morning, ere Apollo shafts of gold
Had shot at fleeing clouds, like arrows keen,
Seeming a hunter in some vast desmene
Frightening the timid fawns from out their fold;
I, with a heart too joyful to be told,
Awakening then, unbidden and unseen,
Went to the dewy fields of fragrant green
To pluck these daisies trembling in the cold,
The benison of Night hath made them sweet.
And if these white-flowers gold-starred may recall
Our day of joy, O Heloise, take them all.
And cherish them until again we meet
And blissfully embracing, then repeat
The bridal of our one day's festival.

LOVE'S YEARNINGS

Keep me not long from thee, my own, for I
Wait at the threshold of Love's golden gate:
O let me enter in ere it be late,
And the dim years, like stars, fade from the sky,
Leave not the fairest hours of life go by
And find us still divided separate:
For Love itself of bliss can never sate,
And in our souls it dwells commutually.
What were those hours which we have known of yore
To these that blissfully now Time's speed beguile?
They thrilled but as the dreams that go before
The nuptial-couch of sleep: until we smile;
And almost yearn to dream forevermore,
Yet but a little while, my sweet, a little while!

NIGHT-HOURS.

Night brings no joy to me to thee not near;
Except in thoughts so much intensified,
That almost I believe me by thy side;
And almost deem that I can sweetly hear
Thy musical low voice, so pure and clear,
That brings to me what else were then denied.
So with these dreamy reveries I abide
That tinge with gold my life's pale atmosphere.
But when Dawn's messenger, old Saturn's son,
Whose potent touch all things to splendor turns,
The dewy stars has hidden one by one,
My heart within me aches for thee and yearns
And as the morning hours before me run,
Still tremblingly desires for thee and burns.

LOVE'S ASCENDANCE.

If life to many be a sad ascent
Because its path is not unclimbed with tears,
And sorrows keep increasing with the years.
How precious and how rich is my content.
My clouds of darkness have been riven, rent,
And through the seams the star of love appears,
Whose perfect radiance all my spirit cheers;
So beautiful it is in wonderment.
Flowers unto the flower, sweets to the sweet;
So in my heart the Winter snow which lay
Has silently dissolved itself away
Before this new desire, this Love's pure heat.
And made the rapture of my life complete
In intense brightness of one Spring-born day.

LOVE'S MOODS,

If all these moods which I delineate,
And still enbalm in forms of budding rhyme,
Shall be remembrances in after time
Of many thoughts now holy, consecrate;
Not vainly have I learned to prize and rate
The bliss of love whose words so sweetly chime,
Whose lips breathe all the balm of some rich clime
Where Happiness itself could never sate.
So every mood memorial ever shows
The love my spirit bears for thee alone.
And when each feeling and each mood is shown,
And in intensity and passion grows,
Then, Heloise, each hour that from me goes
Thrills with delight of blessings I have known.

TO THY PICTURE.

O purified, and calm serene aspect
Of her I worship! In whose beauteous eyes
Is mirrored all the light of Paradise
Through the divinity which thy reflect:
Grace full of love, in Womanhood perfect,
As luminous blooms of flowers that uprise
Beneath the plenitude of azure skies,
When Heaven is immaculate, cloud-unflecked.
What irridescence of the rainbow gives
Lustre to those pure lips that arch and curve
Like Cupid's bow? What radiance crowns the hair?
What carmine-tint of rose in these cheeks lives?
Ah! these are Beauty's messengers that serve
For all her saintly soul's perfections rare.

TRANSFIGURATION.

Not precious splendors only decked of earth
Nor vestures beautified for eyes to gaze,
Command supreme sufficiency of praise:
Thy womanhood lies not in such a dearth
But rather in divinity of worth,
And soul serene attuned, that still doth raise
The spirit to height of song of other days,
When morning stars first sang Aurora's birth.
In swift pulsations of supremest bliss,
In ecstacy of soul that still aspires
Toward beautiful regions of infiniteness
My days depart. Since first Loves pure desires
Reaped consummation in thy thrilling kiss,
Like cadence of a multitude of lyres!

ORB UNTO ORB.

If consonance of pure souls be deemed divine,
And unison of love be worthy God,
Through everlasting blissful period
Let our immortal spirits so combine.
Not for myself, but thee (though I am thine)
Ere yet the Dawn the hills of gold hath trod,
Ere yet the dew hath blessed the breathing sod,
My spirit thrills as one before a shrine.
And as the galley of stars eterne
Incoronate the mighty brow of Night
With multitudinous mingling orbs of fire,
I passionately pray for thy return:
In fierce desire still waiting for delight,
As sweet delight still waits upon desire.

INFINITUDES.

No soul is of itself sufficient, dear,
Of this be sure. And let assurance be
A troth to us of Love's divinity.
Soul of my soul, be of my soul compeer
As yon linked orbs that bless the atmosphere
With perfect lustre of their brilliancy;
For unison shall be sufficiency,
Love's law fulfilled, its blisses shall be near.
Can life alone, though an eternal gift,
Make souls divine? No, love alone is Lord!
Yon everlasting mount that doth uplift
Its icy pinnacle like a gleaming sword,
Shall rather from its granite bases shift
Then life without Love be the soul's award.

BETHLEHEM.

When first from thy sweet lips I won consent
Of that pure love which I can claim as mine,
Imprinting on thy lips which are divine
A seal immortal of our soul's intent:
When first in pilgrimage my spirit went
To radiant regions visited of thine,
As one around whom seraph beings shine.
My soul was thrilled with blissful wonderment.
The fragrance of the blossoms of the Spring
Made life intense. And, through the waning dark,
The sweet song of the matin-soaring lark
Came like the kiss which to our lips did cling.
Then, Heloise, did Love his paean sing,
As luminous Dawn in heaven placed its ark.

ANTIPHONIES.

What beautiful songs can we for Love intone
From lips purpureal as a rose in bloom?
In consecrated symphonies resume
Those hymns by lips archangel only known?
What fragrant treasury of blossoms blown;
Violets and lilies under trees in gloom,
That scarce revealed, conceal not their perfume,
Shall coronal the brow of love alone?
What couch beneath dim canopy of leaves,
That intermingle with entwining boughs
Shall be for him prepared: when night receives
The first kiss of Hyperion on her brows?
What gifts from thee, sweet Heloise, since he weaves
For thee his wreaths, with Beauty thee endows?

BALM AND MYRRH.

Expectancy of joy makes Love assume
Innumerable forms in Beauty's guise.
Radiant as Iris winging through the skies,
Richer than some carnation's purple bloom:
More odorous than a lily's deep perfume:
Full fillment of such bliss, as I surmise,
Makes unison complete in Paradise,
Where angel souls each other do illume.
O then command me even as you will!
So long as my surrendered service be
Acceptable in eyes divine to me
As are thine own, Love's orbs of guidance still.
So that through infinite eternity
Eternal joy that service may fulfill.

ASSURANCE.

Did I believe that Fate would interpose,
And sunder with implacable despite
Our spirits unison of pure delight;
Scatter the petals of our Love's sweet rose,
Thus rendering life unbearable, Heaven knows
But I would curse the day that followed night,
Trample on consequence and Law and Right,
And strangle even Truth in Falsehood's throes.
But no it shall not be. In evidence
Whereof, if song of mine to aftertime
Outlast all fleeting forms of cadenced rhyme,
This shall remain. A witness as intense
As births of Spring through many seasons hence,
Fragrant with blooms, surpassing Summer's prime.

THE GLORY OF LOVE.

This was my glory, that first thrilling kiss
Taken from lips that woo eternity
With prayers to Heaven. For it came to be
The very ultimate to my soul of bliss.
What other joys shall lead my soul amiss?
What other dreams inspire felicity?
From incomunicable rapture free
Soul, spirit, form, from thrall divine as this?
Though Life depart here, Love beyond remains:
A bliss to save, a glory to redeem.
All fades, all changes, all becomes a dream,
Except the goal divine which Love attains,
Where truly as a God supreme it reigns,
Circled by multitudes of saints supreme.

UNISON.

Can we forsake the union of our soul?
Can we forego, or evermore forget
What thrills our hearts, our eyes with tears makes wet,
Love—holding us in his supreme control?
Have we then played a part, a fickle roll?
And is it all in vain our spirits met
Ere Dawn was near, ere all the stars were set?
No, no, let Love still bring its aureole.
Then other years shall but be these resumed
As day resumes the yearnings of the night:
And Love shall be an angel winged and plumed
To lead us on to regions ever bright.
Where we shall wreath what flowers for us have bloomed
Within the fragrant temple of Delight.

SAINTLY DREAMS.

If a pure love sprung from a soul serene
Can be a guerdon to the coming years,
Then let me christen it with these hot tears
That more than words could tell thee what I mean.
How near thou art to me, although unseen:
Thy imaged presence so my spirit cheers,
That I could whisper it my hopes and fears,
And almost on its seeming bosom lean.
My heart is thrilling with a deep content:
And while around me only silence lies,
As if still unaware what sorrow meant,
I sit and dream of thee and Paradise.
Till every star within the firmament
Is luminous as the splendor of thine eyes.

INFINITE REALMS.

If winged to infinite realms my soul must be,
Not fated to an everlasting rest,
But willed to enter an immortal guest
Within the portals of Eternity;
Then do I wish it not apart from thee,
If such a life in regions of the blessed
Sunder not love from love, and breast from breast,
Spirit from spirit, rendering spirit free.
Else in the sunless cenotaph of earth
Through absolute corruption let me lie:
For hope too often craves no sweeter bliss.
There Life at least can mock not at Love's mirth,
And form to form shall crumble closely by,
And wormy lips with wormy lips shall kiss!

TO WOMANHOOD.

Love-oaths are proclamations unavowed
Of falsehood. Base, debasing her for whom
One perjures life till death's eternal doom:
O God, how low our spirits can be bowed!
Art thou a woman, radiant, fair, and proud;
Rich not in Wisdom but in Beauty's bloom,
Chaste as Lucrecia at her spinning loom;
With all sweet graces and pure gifts endowed?
Then take no love-oaths full of perjured lies,
The soul is silent that doth worship most.
How worthless is the love men love to boast,
How fallen is the soul which not denies:
Yea, fallen, accursed, as that rebel host
Once thunder-hurled from realms of Paradise.

THE FLOWER DESPOILED.

O woman true, and sweet, and pure as well,
A shrine unsullied for Love's incense rare:
Delectable and ravishingly fair,
A perfect flower-like crystal in its shell:
What of Love's sin? what fruitage when ye sell
Pure love for lust, and come at last to share
The agony eternal of despair:
The everlasting consciousness of hell?
Mocked and degraded, trampled into dust;
Is Life's result of Love unsanctified
By ceremonies holy, pure, and sweet.
There is no pity for the flower of Lust;
The very fiends that cast the flower aside
Will haste to trample it beneath their feet.

PASSIONATE HOPES.

Passionate hopes of soul forever nursed
With poisonous milk of pleasure and desire;
With kisses of lips consuming as a fire,
Ever desiring, evermore athirst.
Ever, forever, Ever since when first,
Breath of subsistence destined to suspir,
Life's trembling fingers touched the sacred lyre,
'Till all its strings to melody outburst.
Still of the poppy of the flowery weed
Quaff overpowered. See with maddened eyes
The flaming chariot of Apollo rise;
Hear Pan with flutings soft of pipe and reed:
Unto the choral of the Muses heed,
And give to earth those glorious melodies.

EYES LIKE THE STARS.

Eyes like the stars of Paradise which glow!
Whose depths intense still beckon and beseech;
Beckon for Love, and seek us so to teach
Rich compensation blissful unto woe;
Bloom of the velvety cheeks which brightly show
The delicate tintings of the mellowing peach:
Tresses like glossy clusters hung from reach,
Beautiful bosom, likeness of the snow:
Limbs to existence Parian marble turned,
And fluxuous voluptuousness of form;
In beauty rich, in life and love so glad;
As Pasiphae for whom Jove once burned,
So palpitating, sensuous, and warm:
Such dreams of thee, O Heloise, drive me mad!

DREAMS OF THE NIGHT

So dream I of thee, seeing that thou art
All Poesy can imagine. Lovelier far
Than radiant Maia in her rainbowed car
When her swift white doves cleave the blue apart.
Large, flashing eyes that veil what they express
Beneath long, silken lashes. Glossy curls
Crowning a spacious brow of marbleness,
Lips pouting parted by pure ivory pearls.
All graces flushing as was Psyche oft
In Cupid's warm embraces. Tremulous limbs,
And hands and arms and bosom snowy soft;
With voice far sweeter than those virgin hymns
Once chanted in Delphini, when, aloft,
Day dawned upon the mountain Anakims,

DREAMING STILL.

Beautiful Woman, I have loved thee long
With passionate intensity. With a love
Burning as fire that flame-like soars above;
Loved thee in dreams of blissfulness and song.
And with a love that each day grows more strong,
Yet tender as the mated mother dove:
O such desire as I am dreaming of
Do not believe could ever do thee wrong.
All Fame, all glory, my ambition's scope;
All aspiration, all desire for Art;
All yearning for the Poet's crown divine;
If thou wilt keep for me one thought apart,
Or love me a little, only give me hope,
Are thine, all thine, all thine, forever thine!

THE RIFT WITHIN THE LUTE.

Be sure that I shall keep inviolate
Thy pictured semblance: wherein every day
Beauty I see which doth not pass awav,
But still preserves its pure serene estate:
As if to mock the very laws of Fate:
Which bring, alas! unto all things decay.
Ah, that it could but hear what Love would say,
Or be in truth a sweet inclining mate.
But lips to lips in speech cannot respond,
Nor eyes love-lit into each other gaze,
Nor heart to heart with thrilling rapture beat;
And I who linger o'er it, overfond,
Must sadly turn from what I love to praise,
For it is thee I want, my own. my sweet!

LOVE'S DESIRES

Be near me when the poppy-fumes of sleep
Pervade the mind and lull all sense to rest;
Be like a perfect lily on my breast,
Which God perchance had given me to keep.
Be near me when I wake at morn to weep,
Still finding sorrowful despair a guest
Within my soul. O be to me the blessed
Guardian of mercy up life's barren steep.
Be near me with the fragrance of thy breath,
And calm me with thy eyes so pure and mild;
Be near me like a mother near her child.
To whom God truly His love rendereth.
For I have been like one of Joy exiled
And Life has seemed not life to me but Death.

BEHIND THE VEIL

I do remember me one night, when wide
The portal of my mind was open thrown,
I, in such dreams as Slumber brings alone,
Found my self standing by the radiant side
Of a bright angel: whilst my orbs descried
Circling around me in a lucid zone
Numberless others, and a choral tone
Of Song went up from those lips deified.
My soul transcended earth, and seemed new-lease
To have in heaven, as I heard arise
Those hymeneal hymns of Paradise.
And when those jubilations sweet did cease.
I turning, then beheld thy beauteous eyes,
So luminous with purity and peace!

LOVE'S BLOSSOMS DEAD.

Had but my love been pure and sanctified,
And not begotten of such sad desire
As drags the spirit down into the mire,
Then all the sufferings which I now abide,
The agony of sorrow and of pride
Had not been mine; and I could still aspire
To lead thee to the altar and its fire,
Where Love doth crown the bridegroom and the bride.
There is a bitter aching in my heart:
The once pure hopes which thrilled it, and which buoyed
Its glad aspirings, now have drawn apart
The veil of Life revealing me its void.
And all my dreams but tell me what thou art,
Too pure for me, too pure and unalloyed.

WHEN NIGHT RETURNS.

All burning dreams of bliss are mine at night!
I turn upon my pillow with a groan;
Desiring thee, O Heloise, alone.
Thy palpitating beauteous bosom white
I seem to press with all Love's fierce delight;
My arms around thee form a clinging zone:
My lips with thine a perfect flower have grown;
My limbs with thine are winning warm and tight.
Then like an exile in some dungeon pent
Whose bread is agony, whose water tears,
Lives in the light that comes through prison-bars;
So do I dwell with dreams of such content,
And so survive for aye through after years
The spaces vast of gloom between the stars!

FROM DEPTHS OF GLOOM.

If once, when I was still a sinless child,
Some hand like thine had pointed me the way,
Some lips like thine had framed themselves to say
Be thou both unpolluted, unbeguiled:
Some soul like thine had soothed my spirit wild,
Some love like thine had turned my night to day,
And grief to joy, or taught me to obey,
I would not stand before thee now defiled!
Nor had I pampered thee in dreams profane;
Naked thy loveliness before me brought,
Toyed with thy lips, and passionately sought
Life's realms of bliss and wake to find all vain.
O God, I had not done all this to gain
The bitter fruit of ashes Hades wrought!

BEYOND RECALL.

This is not all for I have faith denied.
Abjured my God. Have trodden into dust
The flower of Love to keep the weed of lust;
Have toyed with Pasiphae as with a bride
Have crowned my brow in agony of pride
With thorns. And then fulfilled Desire's distrust:
Have bade Hope fare-thee-well nor kept her crust,
Have chosen Mephistopheles for guide.
O weep! for tears are truly made to shed.
Weep on, and cleanse this stain if so thou can:
Revive the heart which once was heart of man,
The putrefaction which was life instead.
Do you not see the path my feet once ran?
Do you not see that now my soul is dead?

FROM CRAGS OF FIRE,

To you whose life has been so good and pure
Can come no wild regret, no fierce remorse;
Your stream of life flows smoothly in its course,
And rather you endeavor than endure.
You are the Desdemona, I the Moor;
You are the beautiful flower, I the gorse:
You are an angel, I expelled by force
From Heaven's dominions which can still allure.
I come from wandering up and down the earth,
So Satan said. And I can say the same.
Some fearful destiny has laid its claim
Upon my spirit ever since its birth.
Some fiend to which I dare not give a name.
Has blighted every blossom of its worth.

THE WOVEN SKEIN.

I sought thee as a soul woul'd seek a shrine
Where prayer being offered, only grace were sought;
Or love, if haply Love could thrill the thought
Of lowly reverence in things divine.
I do not blame thee dear: no fault was thine.
No fault! no fault! the mystic hands that wrought
Our destinies together reckoned nought
The difference of thy soul with such as mine.
Thou like a star art perfect and serene,
Illuminating heaven with its glow:
But I, alas! have never told thee, no,
All that I am, all flesh without a screen.
And undivulged, unspeaking, far below
This earthly mesh is hidden what I mean.

SHATTERED HEARTS.

Seek thou a nobler mind, a purer heart,
All angels have not fallen, some remain;
And these are perfect, pure, without a stain,
As yonder star that draws Night's veil apart.
But I with dregs quaffed in the world's vile mart
Stirring within me, shall not crave for gain
In thy eternal loss; buy joy with pain,
To blight the beautiful flowers of Love and Art.
I deem it bitter to exchange my bliss
For agony. I know, alas! too well
What I could be if I my soul would sell:
But shall I lead another soul amiss
To keep me company to the realms of Dis?
No, no, live on thy life in heaven, I in hell!

REFRACTED BEAMS.

Is it not strange that one can wear a mask
And gloze his lips with words of sad deceit,
And still aspire to be a Paraclete,
And passively perform his daily task?
Is it not strange? Is it not strange? I ask:
That thou and I (for what I am) can meet,
And commonplaces commonly repeat,
Whilst I within thy virtue's sunshine bask.
Some day the residue of all may be
Not only hope but joy; not joy but bliss.
And gladness shall replace all misery,
Salvation shall be sanctified in this.
When purified from sin my soul in thee
Shall find its absolution and its kiss.

THE MOULD REMAINS.

I ask God to forgive me all these moods
Which raved like madness chained, like passions fierce,
Or vast convulsions of the Universe
In desolated fearful solitudes.

My soul seemed like some fallen fiend's that broods
O'er the ordination of His primal curse,
Ordained eternal: making better worse,
And demons of archangel brotherhoods.

I ask God to forgive me if he will.
No usurpation of so fierce a pride,
Unconquerable by humility,
Can hope for mercy. I keep hoping still,
They say that God is good, and more beside;
And more beside I hope that God may be!

DEATH'S PORTAL.

They deck the sepultures of those who pass
Beyond the boundary of Life and Sin
With flowers and trophies, as if they would win
And woo from Death an answer. But, alas!
Stiller than gleaming sunshine on the grass
Are the three sisters as Life's thread they spin;
This must be all, beyond us and within,
A handful of white dust shut in an urn of brass.
Sad to affection but to Faith divine;
To sorrow beautiful; to Joy a cloud
Marring Love's blue infinitudes immense,
Who can depict Death's portal and its shrine?
Its sanctuary; under which are bowed
All Art that dreams, all Life that lives intense?

ITS SANCTUARY.

My soul is faint within me, faint and sore;
Wearied beneath the burden which it bears.
No joy is mine, no hope comes unawares
To bring again to life the dreams of yore:
The dreams so beautiful it knew before.
Weepingly do I climb Life's endless stairs,
Hearing the Future sighing dolorous airs.
Forever and forever, nevermore!
Forever and forever I would be
Dead. For the dead grieve not, they do not feel
Whilst in their slumber of eternity,
Scorn, fear, hate, sorrow, all things that congeal
The throbbing heart. This is Life's woe and weal,
Its everlasting sad antiphony.

ITS SHRINE.

I wonder, since I really wish to die,
If God will give the grace I thus demand,
And Death will come and take me by the hand
And lead me to his Silent City nigh.
I often wish for death, I know not why.
But undeterminedly, as we stand
Silent and thoughtful on some shore of sand,
And view the ocean vast, the vaster sky.
I almost feel like falling on my knees:
How sweet is this premeditated sleep!
How sweet to sow such seeds when one may reap!
Such flowers eternal, such divine heartsease.
And go where nevermore men wail and weep;
And nevermore be numbered among these!

ITS SURRENDER.

If in that higher world for which you yearn
The essence of thy spirit shall arise,
Crowning thy brow with bliss of Paradise,
Supremacy of bliss in Life eterne:
Will one sweet thought of me within thee burn,
That shall in other realms my soul apprise
Of that eternal Love which still replies,
Though Purity the fallen spirit spurn?
Christ issued from the portal of a tomb
Immortal Son of an Immortal Sire;
Redeeming, re-ascending, to resume
Vestures of glory in His glory higher.
And thou, through faith in Heaven a flower to bloom,
Wilt thou redeem my soul in its desire?

EPILOGUE.

My heart has owned thy plea
In paying Love his wages;
I penned these thoughts for thee,
With poems filled these pages.

Is this the worth of all
The treasures that we cherish?
These blossoms made to fall;
These flowers born to perish?

And can such baubles bring
Assurance of devotion?
A song too poor to sing,
Some words of sad emotion.

Ah, Love had better asked
Of me some richer treasure,

Than Songs which only tasked
The metre and the measure.

Ah, Love had better claimed
Some token worth its blisses;
A star that brightly flamed,
A gem more rich than this is.

Is Love thus satisfied
With things not worth the seeming,
That it has praised with pride
A pearl so dimly gleaming?

Has love grown blind indeed,
That it has blindly taken
No blossom, but a weed,
By gods foredoomed, forsaken?

O Love, ope wide thine eyes,
And choose a richer blessing!
Thine is no Paradise
If not such gift possessing.

And can these Songs fulfill
The height of thy desiring?
Look far beyond thee still,
More grandly be aspiring.

Stop not to hear a note
But for a moment throbbing
That bubbles from the throat
Of mocking bird or robin.

But wait until the dark
Is in the distance fleeting,
Then listen to some lark
His glorious songs repeating

Theirs are the songs to hear
—Each one a born Apollo—
Which thrill the atmosphere,
And every haunt and hollow.

But mine is not the soul
To equal theirs in singing;
I struggle for the goal
While walking, not while winging.

Ah, if in other years
I had but done as men did,
This life of bitter tears
Had long ago been ended!

I find this life of mine
So sadly onward stealing;
Where is the fairer shrine
At which I should be kneeling?

We mend but broken weeds,
We will not seek an altar;
We dare not nobler deeds,
We tremble and we falter.

We sorrow for the Past,
The Present seems a burden;
And all existence vast
Presents no crowning guerdon.

Till life indeed becomes
A precious jewel stolen;
A flower of martyrdoms,
With poison in its pollen.

Until we pass away
Beyond men's brittle praises;

The sweetest life to-day
Is underneath the daisies.

For Art's eternal goal
Seems mockery eternal,
And we that have a soul,
Know not its season's vernal.

Know not a breath of bloom
From Hope's delicious garden:
But blindly seek our doom
Forgetting grace and pardon.

Until we turn aside
From dreams of highest glory,
To stem the flowing tide
Of days so transitory.

And so we live our lives;
And pass into the regions
Where Death eternal hives
His mighty swarm in legions.

No laurels have we won,
Our arrows shot mis carried;
Our race is yet to run,
But we have blindly tarried.

No gods can we create,
Our visions are too earthy;
If master of his fate,
How little man is worthy!

Destroy all creeds and kings
If Freedom seem imperiled,
But Iris with her wings
Should still be Heaven's herald.

And Life should not forsake
Art's beautiful dominions;
The temples that we break
We break with broken pinions.

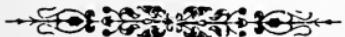
For Life hath still her goal,
And Art eternal uses;
The symbols of the soul
Ars still the Graces, Muses.

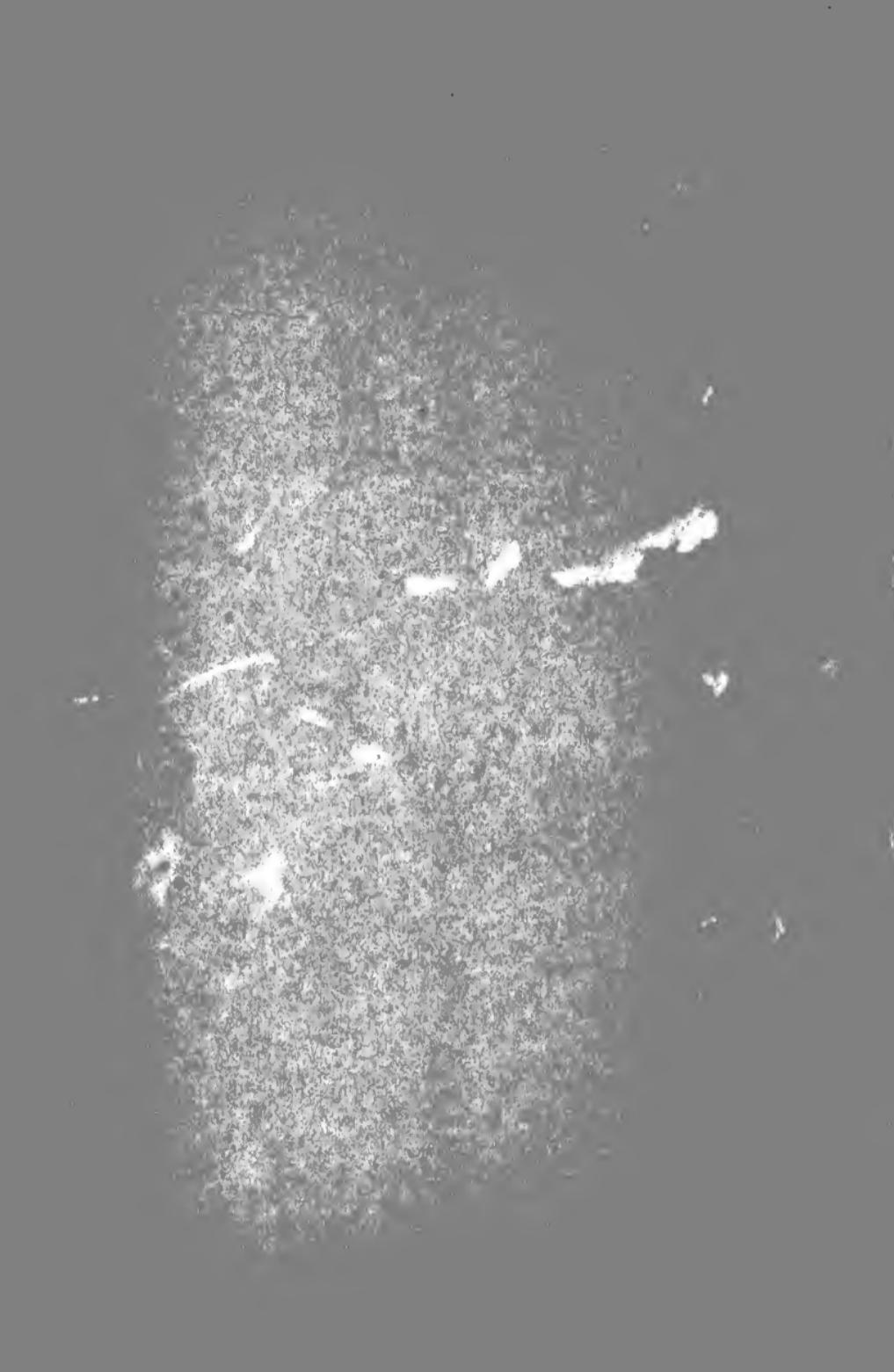
And man a mission vast
To glory in fulfilling;
The Present through the Past
Must make the Future willing.

Until she lead the van
To mightier successes,
And glorify the man,
And crown the Art which blesses.

* * * * *

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With poems filled these pages.

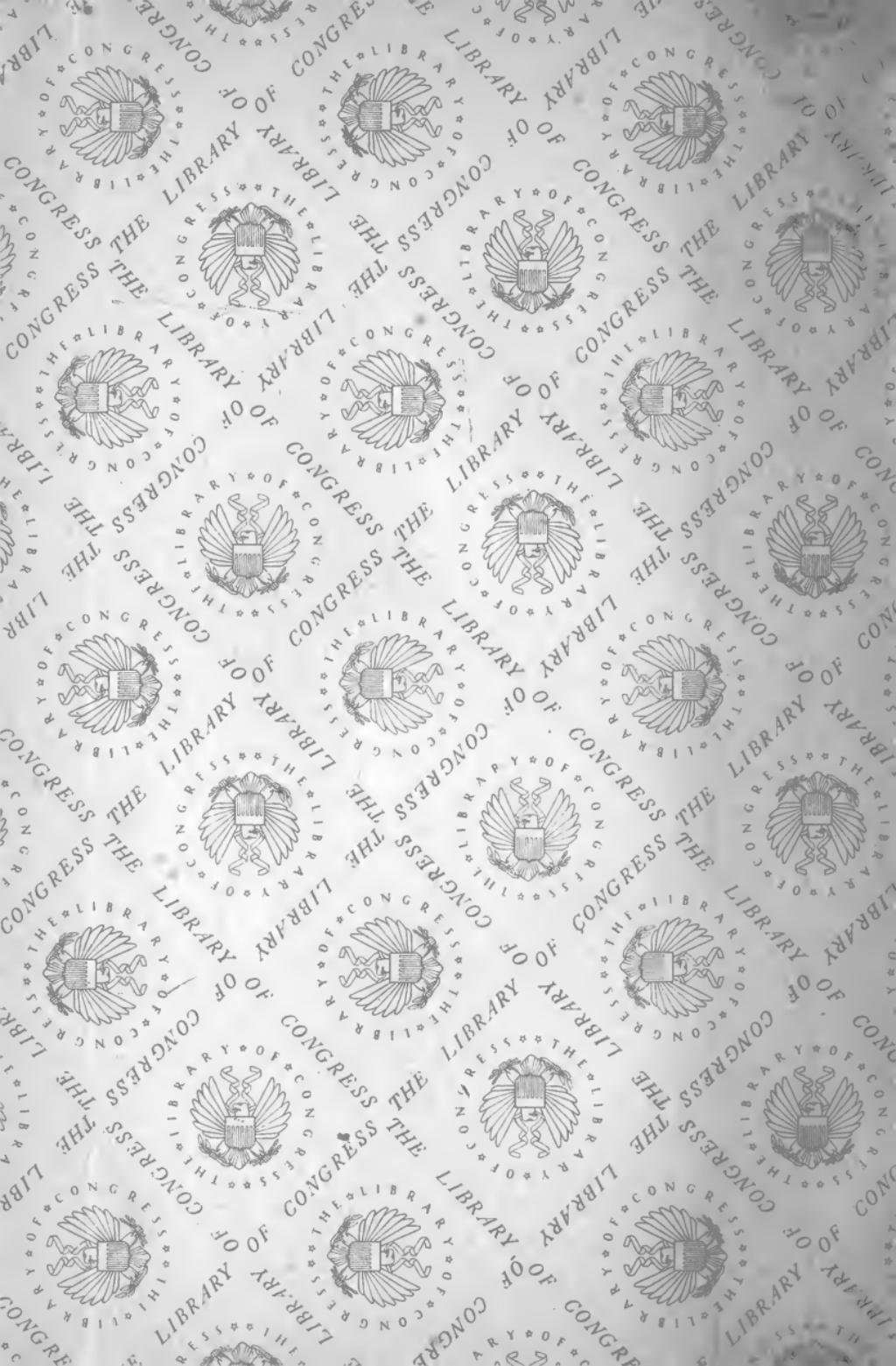


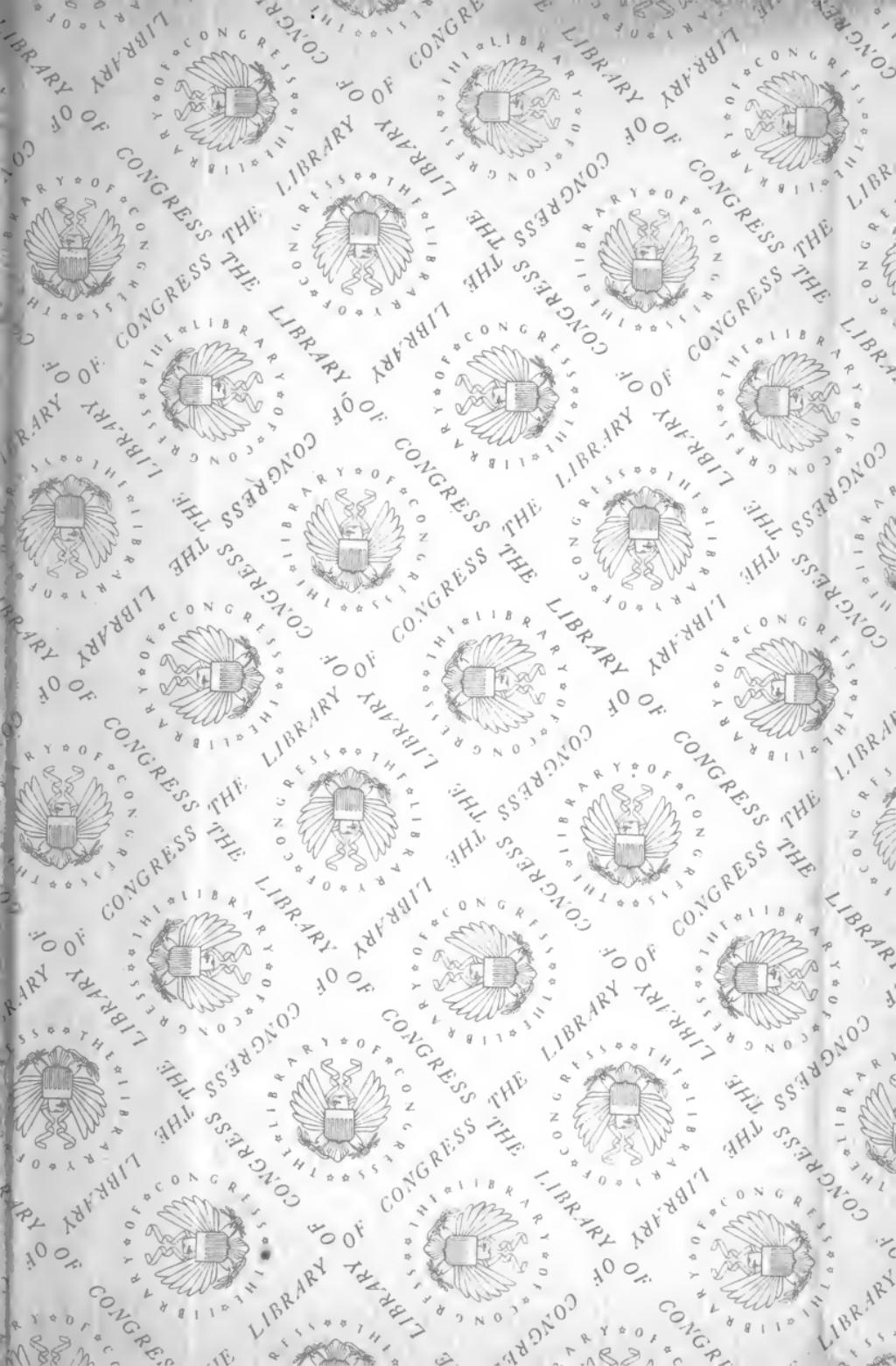












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